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JOHN P. SANBORN } Editors
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Established June, 1858, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-fourth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of general news, well selected miscellany, and valuable features and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE DINNER

The annual dinner of the Newport Chamber of Commerce will be held at Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening next, when an excellent menu will be served by the ladies of the Eastern Star. Alderman J. Joseph M. Martin, chairman of the Forum committee, will be in charge, and President John J. Conron will act as toastmaster. The speakers will include Congressman Dan Reed of New York, Dr. Arthur W. Gilbert, commissioner of agriculture in Massachusetts, and Ernest E. Rogers, vice president of the Connecticut Chamber of Commerce. The Orpheus Quartette and Graft's orchestra will furnish music. A large attendance of members is expected.

T. E. HUNT APPOINTED

Mr. Thomas E. Hunt of this city has been appointed by Governor San Souci to fill the vacancy on the State Board of Pharmacy caused by the death of Mr. James T. Wright. Mr. Hunt is one of the best known pharmacists in Newport. He came to this city a number of years ago as manager for the then Hall & Lyon Store, and afterward opened a pharmacy of his own at Spring and Franklin streets. A few years ago he opened his present store in the Colonial Theatre building, where he has built up a large trade. He has a wide circle of friends in Newport and his appointment gives universal satisfaction.

The city of Sacramento, Cal., will celebrate the "Days of '49" on May 23-28, when the scenes of that far-off mining fever time will be re-enacted. Great preparations are being made for that gala occasion. In June of 1849 the ship Audley Clarke, with seventy Newporters on board, arrived on the California coast. Many of the number remained and died on the Pacific coast and their descendants still reside there and are among California's leading citizens. Up to a few years ago many of the original seventy still lived, but we think the last is gone.

Miss Naomi Anderson, whose marriage to Mr. Harry I. Lowndes will take place in the near future, was tendered a surprise shower at the home of Mrs. Flora Oldershaw on Third street on Thursday evening. She was the recipient of many useful and valuable gifts, and a delightful evening was spent. The affair was arranged by the Standard Bearers of St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwin A. Wood of Jamestown observed the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage on Thursday, when they were tendered a surprise reception at the Central Baptist Church in that town. They were the recipients of many gifts, including handsome floral bouquets from Hope Lodge, F. & A. M., of Hope Valley, and Washington Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templars.

Less than two months remain in which to register at the City Hall in order to qualify as voters at the fall elections. The registration is very light as yet.

Mr. William F. Whitehouse gave his lecture on Big Game Hunting in Africa before the Men's Club of St. George's Church on Wednesday evening.

PARADE IN FALL RIVER

On Saturday afternoon Washington Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templars, will go to Fall River and take part in the large parade of Knight Templars and Master Masons which will be a feature of the impressive ceremony of laying the cornerstones of the new Masonic Temple in that city. Only three commanderies have been invited—Washington of Newport, Sutton of New Bedford, and Godfrey de Bouillon of Fall River. These with the Masonic Lodges of Fall River will make a line of approximately 2000 men and the parade should be an imposing one. There will be five bands of music, three with the Commanderies and two with the Lodges, and practically every man in line will be a Mason. During the ceremony the five bands will be massed on the corner opposite the site of the Temple and will render a number of selections in this formation.

Washington Commandery will leave the Masonic Building in this city at 12:30 p. m. to march to the train, the line being headed by Kolah Grotto Band. The route of march will probably be down Touro to Spring to Broadway, to Washington Square, to Thames, to Marlboro. Special cars will be attached to the 1.10 train to accommodate the Newporters.

Upon arriving in Fall River, Washington Commandery will be escorted to its place in line and the parade will start at 2.15. Eminent Sir William H. Beattie of Godfrey de Bouillon Commandery will be the chief marshal and Washington Commandery will be represented on the staff by Past Commanders Karl Bostel and Alvah H. Sanborn. The ceremonies at the new Temple will probably occupy about an hour, and at their conclusion Washington Commandery will proceed to Franklin Hall, where a luncheon will be served. After that the members of the local organization will be free to amuse themselves until the departure of the Fall River Line steamer to Newport. Upon arrival of the boat here, the Commandery will march to Masonic Temple, where they will be dismissed.

A large number of members of Washington Commandery have signified their intention of making the trip, and it is expected that there will be not less than 100 men in line, under command of Eminent Commander Benjamin F. Downing, 3d. While no provision has been made for ladies, it is expected that a number of them will go up to witness the ceremonies.

The Newport Artillery will not be able to obtain the services of Mr. Marion Eppley as commanding officer, which is a matter of great regret to all the friends of the Company. Mr. Eppley is an officer in the United States Naval Reserve, and some time ago applied for permission to accept the command of the Company. This request has been denied by the Navy department, as the law provides that a member of the Naval Reserve Force cannot be a member of any other military organization of the United States.

A schooner bound from Maine to this city with a large cargo of curbing, culls and granite blocks for the use of the highway department, has gone to the bottom of the ocean off the coast of Maine. The city will be delayed in its work on Washington street until a new supply of stone can be gotten out of the quarry and shipped here. As there is a strike in progress among the granite workers the delay may be considerable.

The police have been holding for investigation four young men who claimed to have come from Fall River and were picked up on the street as suspicious persons, by Patrolman O'Neill. They had no money and the police were desirous of finding out how they expected to get any.

Rev. William Safford Jones preached his farewell sermon in Channing Memorial Church on Sunday morning, the large edifice being completely filled. On Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Jones started for their new home in Portsmouth, N. H.

The one-way street ordinance for Thames and Spring streets went into effect for the season on Monday, and traffic officers have been assigned to fixed post duty to assist in enforcing the regulations.

The Newport Artillery Company has accepted the invitation to act as special escort to Lawton-Warren Post, G. A. R., in the Memorial Day exercises.

The Newport Yacht Club is planning for a series of races to be held in the harbor on Independence Day.

ICE HOUSE BURNED

A large ice house of the Independent Ice Company of this city, situated at Green End in Middletown, was totally destroyed by fire on Wednesday and other valuable property nearby was threatened for a considerable time. Although the agreement between the Town of Middletown and the City of Newport for the services of the Newport Fire Department has been suspended, Mayor Mahoney exercised his judgment and ordered several pieces of apparatus to the scene when the call came for help. The services of the Newport men were of the utmost value in saving adjoining property, this being a case where there was plenty of water available for the pump.

The cause of the fire is not known, but when discovered the building was blazing merrily. In the immediate vicinity were other ice houses, several cottages and the greenhouse property of Ritchie. All were in imminent danger, and a near neighbor telephoned to Mayor Mahoney for aid. Combination 1 and Pumper 4 were quickly on the scene and the men devoted their attention to protecting other property, as it was seen that the big ice house was doomed. The pumper took water direct from the pond and threw strong streams wherever needed. It was not an easy fight, but after much hard work the adjoining property was practically unharmed.

The Independent Ice Company is a Newport concern of which Lampros Brown is the manager. The building stands on land owned by A. B. Cascamas. The building was valued at about \$12,000 and was partially insured. It was well filled with ice, much of which still remains in spite of the heat of the flames.

EASTON'S BEACH MATTER

It is announced that the Easton Beach matter will come back to Newport for further hearing in the Superior Court, an order having been issued allowing the addition of other names to the complaint of A. B. Cascamas regarding the illegality of awarding the lease. These new names are of persons who were interested in the Easton's Beach Association, which was one of the bidders for the lease. There is no indication as to when the case will be decided, and the plans for development of the Beach this summer are wholly at a stand. The lease of the Newport Beach Association has now expired, but that Association is still maintaining watchmen there. It is generally regarded as possible that a one-year lease of the Beach may be given to the former lessees in order to assure its operation during the coming summer.

Thursday was the fiftieth anniversary of the death of William Sanford Rogers, whose name is perpetuated in the Rogers High School. Mr. Rogers left a substantial sum for the payment of teachers' salaries in the High School in order to assure the very highest calibre of teaching force in that institution. At the time of his death there were but few teachers in the school and the income from his bequest went a long way toward meeting the expense. Now, with the large teaching force and the increased salary his gift bears but a small part of the total expense.

Plans have been made to divide the Commercial Wharf property up into several parcels and offer them for sale at public auction some time in June. This important property is now owned by the Narragansett Bay Realty Company and there has been considerable delay in paying taxes. It is believed that there will be considerable demand for the property if divided into reasonable parcels.

The five members of Washington Commandery who attended the Triennial Conclave in New Orleans—Messrs. Benjamin F. Downing, 3d, W. Douglas Hazard, James P. Cozzens, Thomas W. Wood and Harry Oxx, returned to Newport on Monday. They reported one of the most delightful experiences. Mr. Wood and Mr. Oxx were accompanied by their wives.

With the signing of the prohibition enforcement act by Governor San Souci on Wednesday the Newport police took a renewed interest in the liquor business. While the Newport department have long been active in the work of the Federal officers, their hands have been somewhat tied by the lack of a State law.

The police have received information that two men attempted to break into the New Cliffs Hotel on Catherine Street Monday morning, but they were frightened away by the proprietor, Mr. J. V. Jordan.

EDWARD S. PECKHAM

Mr. Edward S. Peckham, long prominent in business and banking circles in Newport, and for several years a member of the Overseers of the Poor, died at his home on Everett street on Wednesday, after a comparatively short illness. He had suffered from heart trouble for some little time, but his condition had been regarded as serious for only a few days before his death. The news of his death came as a great shock to his wide circle of friends.

Mr. Peckham was born in this city, where he had spent his entire life. A descendant of one of the oldest of the families that had been prominent in the affairs of the Colony, he was closely knitted to this community. A man of unquestioned integrity in his business and personal life, devoted to the best interests of his native city, ready at all times to give his support to every worthy cause, faithful to the onerous duties that marked his long service in the poor department of the city, Mr. Peckham was of the very highest type of American citizen. He was of a quiet and retiring disposition, but those who knew him best were best qualified to recognize his real value to the community.

Mr. Peckham was a son of Mary Josephine (Young) and the late Felix Peckham, and was born in this city on May 23, 1871. While still a boy he entered the employ of the late William J. Swinburn, who was engaged in the coal business, and after his death was employed by Abram Almy, his successor. In 1901 he purchased the coal business of Brown & Howard, which he continued until his death.

Mr. Peckham had been a member of the Overseers of the Poor since 1908, and for several years its chairman. He was a member of the board of directors of the National Exchange Bank and of the board of trustees of the Island Savings Bank, being a vice president of the latter institution. He was an active member of the Miantonomi Club.

He leaves a wife, who was Miss Annie N. Stevens, and one son, Mr. Stockman Cole Peckham. He is also survived by his mother, a sister, Miss Antoinette Peckham, and a brother, Colonel Harold A. Peckham.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, resolutions were adopted expressing the board's appreciation of the faithful services of Edward S. Peckham and their sense of loss at his death, and the board adjourned out of respect to his memory.

Previous to adjournment a large amount of business was transacted. Chief Kirwin reported on the fire at the ice house in Middletown and Mayor Mahoney stated his reasons for ordering the department to send assistance. He hopes to secure payment for this service and plans to attend the next town council meeting in Middletown. The board of health reported that repairs to the city brow are essential for safety and the matter was referred to the city solicitor to ascertain if the board can make an appropriation.

The committee to consider a communication from John L. Cummings in regard to sewer across his land, reported that he had no ground for action against the city, but that his remedy must lie against former owners of the land.

A number of licenses were granted. A protest was made against the granting of a license for a gasoline pump on Market Square, asked for by Harry Zeidman, but the board voted to grant the petition.

Marco Russo appeared before the board again to complain against Building Inspector Douglas for stopping work on his building. Mayor Mahoney explained the situation to Mr. Russo and told him that if he had any complaint to make against the Building Inspector he must reduce it to writing.

The annual inspection of Washington Commandery by Eminent Sir Clarence E. Burleigh, Grand Sword Bearer and Commander of the Sixth Division of Knights Templars of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, will take place next Friday evening. A large number of visitors are expected, including the R. E. Grand Commander, Henry C. Dexter of Pawtucket.

Judge Brown presided at the session of the Superior Court on Monday, which was motion day for May. There was comparatively little business, a few motions being heard, and one decree being entered. The June session of the Court will open on June 5.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Berkeley Parent-Teachers' Association. The monthly meeting of the Berkeley Parent-Teachers' Association was held on Tuesday afternoon at the Berkeley Parish House. The meeting, which was conducted by the President, Mrs. B. W. H. Peckham, was well attended, and two new members were received. A report was read of the meeting of Congress of Mothers, in Providence, Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham gave a short talk on ways of increasing the funds of the Association. Miss Deborah Cummings, home demonstration agent, gave a short address. It was due to the Association that the school committee has placed new clocks in each class room in the building.

Mrs. Howard R. Peckham is visiting Miss Harriet Brownell at her home in Providence.

Mrs. Arthur Peckham is ill at her home with tonsillitis.

Mr. and Mrs. Eliza A. Peckham have had as guest their daughter, Miss Edith M. Peckham of Springfield, Mass.

Rev. Latta Griswold has been guest of Mrs. Eugene Sturtevant.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wheeler entertained a house party from Boston over the week-end.

The members of the Holy Cross Guild gave one of their monthly suppers at the Holy Cross Guild House on Wednesday evening. The members of the committee are Mrs. Harold Chase, Mrs. Clinton Copeland and Mrs. Philip Wilbur. The Men's Community Club held its regular whist and smoker at the Guild House on Thursday evening instead of Wednesday as usual, on account of the supper.

Miss Deborah Cummings conducted the weekly millinery class on Tuesday afternoon at the Methodist Episcopal Church parlors with 24 ladies present, including four new members. Work was begun on organdie hats. Next week an all-day meeting will be held. Miss Cummings will give instructions on salad making in the morning, a luncheon will be served at one o'clock and in the afternoon old hats will be renovated.

Rev. Latta Griswold of Lenox, Mass., preached at the morning service on Sunday at St. Columba's chapel. Mr. Griswold was formerly rector here.

An interesting lecture was given under the auspices of the Oliphant Parent-Teachers' Association to the parents and members of the Wild Rose Troop of Girl Scouts. The talk, which was by Mrs. Henry Ercroft, was given at the Oliphant School last Saturday, and the subject was "Moral Education." Mrs. Ercroft was introduced by Mrs. George W. Thurston, president. After the talk light refreshments were served by the committee, Mrs. Thurston, Mrs. Harold R. Chase and Mrs. James R. Chase, 2d.

The members of the P. M. Club gave a whist and dance on Monday evening at the Holy Cross Guild House. Eight tables of cards were played until 10 o'clock, when it was found that Mrs. William R. Howard had won the ladies' first prize and Mrs. G. Alvin Simmons the second. Mr. Percy Bailey won men's first prize and Sheriff Anthony the second prize. Coffee, crackers and cheese were served by a committee—Mrs. Daniel Chase, Mrs. Edgar Lewis, Mrs. William Kessell, and Mrs. Philip Wilbur. Dancing was enjoyed till a late hour. Mrs. Gilbert Elliott played the piano for dancing. The proceeds will be used for the Middletown Red Cross nursing fund.

Mrs. Clara B. Grinnell entertained on Sunday at the home of her son, Mr. T. Robert Grinnell, on Valley Road, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peckham and their daughter, Miss Sadie Peckham, in honor of Mrs. Peckham's birthday. Before her death Mrs. Grinnell's husband, Mr. Jason Grinnell, and Mrs. Peckham always celebrated their birthdays together. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Peckham entertained a family party at their home, "Orchard Hill Farm." Mrs. Peckham received a birthday shower and numerous gifts of flowers, including a large bunch of wood anemone. Music was enjoyed and light refreshments were served, including a large birthday cake.

Mrs. Arthur Barker, captain of the Forget-Me-Not Troop of Girl Scouts, and eighteen of the Scouts, hiked to Paradise Rocks recently, where they cooked a luncheon of baked beans over a fire made in the rocks. Games were played in the afternoon.

The one-act comedy entitled "Three of a Kind," which was given by the ladies of Aquidneck Grange on the last regular meeting, was in competition with the comedy given by the men, entitled "The Country Store." After much consideration the judges—Mr. Clairmont Grinnell, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse I. Durfee, Mrs. Harry Wood and Mr. B. Percival—awarded the decision to the women. It was repeated for the public on Tuesday evening.

Mr. A. Frank Cottrell of Tiverton has been appointed temporary receiver of the Narragansett Shipbuilding Co., pending the hearing of a petition for a permanent receiver. A hearing on the petition will be held in this city on Saturday.

The rain of Thursday was very welcome, as the ground was becoming very dry. In the regions where forest fires have raged the rain was regarded as a godsend.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

Epworth League

The regular monthly meeting of the Epworth League was held on Tuesday evening at the new parish house of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The annual election of officers was also held. The secretary's and treasurer's reports were read and accepted. Three honorary members and seven new members were admitted. The following officers were elected to serve during the coming year: President—Mrs. Sidney T. Hedley. First Vice President—David P. Hedley.

Second Vice President—Mrs. Joseph B. Ackley. Third Vice President—Mrs. Ernest C. Cross. Fourth Vice President—Mrs. Robert Chappell.

Secretary—Charles H. Borden. Treasurer—William H. Cross. Organist—Miss Martha A. Ashley. These officers will be publicly installed at a later date.

The meeting was then turned over to the fourth vice president, and games and music were enjoyed. Conco, cake and fancy cookies were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Clarke have as guests Mr. and Mrs. Clarence G. Lamb of Deal Beach, N. J., and a friend, also of New Jersey, who motored here with them.

Mrs. George R. Hicks died suddenly last Saturday at her home on Bristol Ferry Road. She had been in poor health for a number of years, but was no worse than usual, and her death came as a great shock to her relatives and friends. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Potter and taught at the Bristol Ferry School for a number of years. Mrs. Hicks is survived by her husband, who is town clerk in this town; one daughter, Mrs. Clifton L. Tallman of Newport, and a sister, Mrs. Slater of Washington, D. C.

The funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon at her late home, with only the immediate family present. The service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Perry of Central Baptist Church of Tiverton, of which both Mr. and Mrs. Hicks were members. The bearers were Messrs. Oliver G. Hicks, John M. Eldredge, George Church and Irving Humphrey. The interment was in the Portsmouth cemetery and there were many beautiful floral tributes.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowndes have moved from Sprague street to a cottage on Turnpike avenue, which they recently purchased.

Miss Almine E. Tallman has returned to her home after spending the past six weeks with her sister, Mrs. Josephine Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. John L. Borden and Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Webb have returned to their homes after a three months' foreign trip on steamship. George Washington. They were given a Welcome Home supper by the members of St. Paul's Guild at the parish house on Tuesday evening. The committee comprised Mrs. Frank Wheeler, Mrs. Alexander Boone, Mrs. Alfred C. Hall, Mrs. William B. Anthony, Mrs. Wm. Grinnell and Mrs. Daniel Bowker. The tables were tastefully decorated, the color scheme being yellow. Mrs. Webb and Mrs. Borden were each presented with a bouquet of roses.

Plans are being made for a dance to be given by the base ball team of the Naval Coaling Station. The dance will be held in the Portsmouth town hall on May 10. The Aquidneck Grange orchestra will furnish music.

Mr. Minot Tucker is ill at his home on Bristol Ferry Road.

Mr. James Matthews is ill at his home on Childs street.

Mrs. William F. Brayton, who has been spending the past two weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Frederick A. Lawton of Westfield, Mass., has returned to her home.

Mr. Philip Geisler, son of Rev. and Mrs. John Geisler, has gone to Cunningham, Mass., to work on a construction job, of which Mr. Abner P. Lawton is in charge.

Mr. John Paquin, son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Paquin, has gone to Cleveland, Ohio, where he will enter an automobile school of repairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Manchester and family are moving to Newport. Mr. Manchester's mother, Mrs. Abby Manchester, who will reside with them, is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin C. Sherman.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Pierce will move into the upper tenement of the house just north of the Free Library, recently vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Manchester.

Invitations have been issued for the supper to be given by the Newport County Agricultural Society at Fair Hall for members and co-workers.

The Postoffice at Portsmouth, which is in the building with the store of Mr. Leon Green, is being moved to the south end of the store. The store is being renovated and a partition is being built which will divide it into two sections. Large plate glass mirrors have arrived and have been placed in position.

There is still much uncertainty as to the arrival of the destroyer fleet in Narragansett Bay. It had been thought that some, if not all, of the ships would come in this week, but nobody here seems to know where they are at present, or even if they have left Charleston where they spent the winter. The business men are very anxious to see them come in.

The Big-Town Round Up

by William MacLeod Raine

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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SYNOPSIS

FOREWORD.—Motoring through Arizona, a party of outsiders, father and daughter and a male companion, stop to witness a cattle round up. The girl leaves the car and is attacked by a wild steer. A masterpiece of riding on the part of one of the cowboys saves her life.

CHAPTER I.—Clay Lindsay, range-keeper on an Arizona ranch, announces his intention to visit the "big town," New York.

CHAPTER II.—On the train Lindsay becomes interested in a young woman, Kitty Mason, on her way to New York to become a motion-picture actress. She is marked as a fair prey by a fellow traveler, Jerry Durand, gang politician and ex-prize fighter. Perceiving his intention, Lindsay provokes a quarrel and throws Durand from the train.

CHAPTER III.—On his first day in New York Lindsay is splashed with water by a janitor. That individual, the janitor, punishes summarily and leaves tied to a fire hydrant. A young woman who sees the occurrence invites Clay into her house and hides him from the police.

CHAPTER IV.—Clay's "rescuer" introduces herself as Beatrice Whitford. Lindsay meets her father, Colin Whitford, and is invited to visit them again. He meets Kitty Mason by accident. She has been disappointed in her stage aspirations, and to support herself is selling cigarettes in a cabaret. Clay visits her there.

CHAPTER V.—Kitty is insulted by a customer. Clay punishes the offender. After a lively misadventure Lindsay escapes. Outside, he is attacked by Jerry Durand and a companion and beaten insensate.

CHAPTER VI.—Lindsay's acquaintance with Beatrice Whitford ripens. Through her he is introduced into "society." His "side partner" on the Arizona ranch, Johnnie Green, comes to the "big town."

CHAPTER VII

Johnnie Green—Match-Maker.

Johnnie Green gave an upward jerk to the frying pan and caught the flap-jack as it descended.

"Fast and last call for breakfast in the dining-cyner. Come and get it, old timer," he sang out to Clay.

That young man emerged from his bedroom glowing. He was one or two shades of tan lighter than when he had reached the city, but the point of Arizona's untamed sun still distinguished him from the native-born, if there are any such among the inhabitants of upper New York.

"You're one sure-enough cook," he drawled to his satellite. "Best flap-jacks ever made in this town."

The hunt resumed all over. If he had really been a puppy he would have wagged his tail. Since he couldn't do that he took it out in grinning. Any word of praise from Clay made the world a sunshiny one for him.

The two men were backing it. They had a little apartment in the Bronx and Johnnie looked after it for his friend. One of Johnnie's vices—according to the standard of the Bronx boys—was that he was as neat as an old maid. He liked to hang around a mess-wagon and cook doughnuts and pies. His talent came in handy now, for Clay was no house-keeper.

After the breakfast things were cleared away Johnnie fared forth to a certain house adjoining Riverside drive, where he earned ten dollars a week as outdoors man. His business was to do odd jobs about the place. He cut and watered the lawn. He made small repairs. Beatrice had a rose garden, and under her direction he dug, watered and fertilized.

Incidentally, the snub-nosed little puncher with the unfinished features adored his young mistress in the dumb, uncritical fashion a schoolboy does a Trilby or an Edith Collins. In his heart he had hopes that Clay would fall in love with and marry her. But her actions worried him. Sometimes he wondered if she really understood what a catch Clay was.

He tried to tell her his notions on the subject the morning Clay praised his flapjacks.

She was among the rose-bushes, gloved and hatted, clipping American Beauties for the dining room, a dainty but very self-reliant little personality.

"Miss Beatrice, I been thinkin' about you and Clay," he told her, leaning on his spade.

"What have you been thinking about us?" the girl asked, snipping off a big rose.

"How you're the best-lookin' couple that a man would see anywhere." Into her clear cheeks the color flowed. "If I thought nonsense like that I wouldn't say it," she said quietly. "We're not a couple. He's a man. I'm a woman. I like him and want to stay friends with him if you'll let me."

"Sure. I know that, but—" Johnnie groped helplessly to try to explain what he had meant. "Clay he likes you a heap," he finished inadequately.

The eyes of the girl began to dance. There was no use taking offense at this simple soul. "Does he? I'm sure I'm gratified," she murmured, busy with her scissors among the roses.

"Yep. I never knowed Clay to look at a girl before. He sure thinks a heap of you."

She gave a queer little bubbling laugh. "You're flattering me."

"Honest, I ain't." Johnnie whispered a secret across the rose bushes. "Say, if you work it right I believe you can get him."

The girl sparkled. Here was a new slant on matrimonial desirability. Clearly the view of the little puncher was that Clay had only to crook his fingers to summon any girl in the world that he desired.

"What would you advise me to do?" she dropped.

"Shoot! I dunno." He shyly unburdened himself of the warning he had been leading up to. "But I'd like a can to that dude fellow that hangs around—the Bromfield guy. O' course I know he ain't one, two, three with you while Clay's on earth, but I don't reckon I'd take any chances, as the old sayin' is. Better get shot of the dude."

Miss Whitford bit her lip to keep from exploding in a sudden gale of mirth. But the sight of her self-appointed chaplain set her off into peals of laughter in spite of herself. Every time she looked at Johnnie she went off into renewed chortles. He was so homely and so deadly earnest. The little wall was staring at her in perplexed surprise, mouth open and chin fallen. He could see no occasion for gaiety at his suggestion. There was nothing subtle about the hunt.

In his social code wealth did not figure. A forty-dollar-a-month bronco buster was free to offer advice to the daughter of a millionaire about her matrimonial prospects if it seemed best.

"Clay ain't one of the common run of cowpunchers, ma'am. You bet you, by Jollies, he ain't. Clay he owns a half-interest in the B-in-a-Box. O' course it ain't what he's got, but what he is that counts. He's the best darned pilgrim ever I did see."

"He's all right, Johnnie," the girl admitted with an odd smile. "Do you want me to tell him that I'll be glad to drop our fellow friends to meet his approval? I don't suppose he asked you to speak to me about it, did he?"

The little range-keeper missed the irony of this. "No, ma'am, I jest butted in. Mebbe I hadn't ought to of spoke."

"You needn't feel bad, Johnnie. There's no harm done—if you don't say anything about it to Mr. Lindsay. But I don't think you were intended for a match-maker. That takes quite a little finesse, doesn't it?"

The word "finesse" was not in Johnnie's dictionary, but he acquiesced in her verdict.

"I reckon, ma'am, you're right."

Clay was waiting for lunch at a rotisserie on Sixth avenue, and in order to lose no time—which he had more just now than he knew what to do with—was meanwhile reading a newspaper propped against a water-bottle. From the personal column there popped out at him three lines that caught his attention:

"If this meets the eye of C. L. of Arizona please write me, Box M-21, The Herald. Am in trouble. Kitty M."

He read it again. There could be no doubt in the world. It was addressed to him, and from Kitty. He remembered that on the bus he had casually mentioned to her that he usually read the Herald.

After he had eaten, Clay walked down Broadway and left a note at the office of the Herald for Kitty.

The thought of her was in his mind all day. He had worried a good deal over her disappearance. It was not alone that he felt responsible for the loss of her place as cigarette girl. One disturbing phase of the situation was that Jerry Durand must have seen her. What more likely than that he had arranged to have her spirited away? Lindsay had read that hundreds of girls disappeared every year in the city. If they ever came to the surface again it was as dwellers in that underworld in the current of which they had been caught.

He had an engagement that afternoon to walk with Beatrice Whitford. They crossed to Morningside park and moved through it to the northern end where the remains of Fort Laight, built to protect the approach to the city during the War of 1812, can still be seen and traced.

Beatrice had read the story of the earthworks. In the midst of the telling of it she stopped to turn upon him with swift accusation. "You're not listening."

"That's right, I wasn't," he admitted.

"Have you heard something about your cigarette girl?"

Clay was amazed at the accuracy of her center shot.

"Yes," he showed her the newspaper.

She read. The golden head nodded triumphantly. "I told you she could look out for herself. You see when she had lost you she knew enough to advertise."

Was there or was there not a faint note of malice in the girl's voice? Clay did not know. But it would have neither surprised nor displeased him. He had long since discovered that his imperious little friend was far from an angel.

At his rooms he found a note awaiting him.

"Come tonight after eleven. I am locked in the west rear room of the second story. Climb up over the back porch. Don't make any noise. The window will be unbolts. A friend is mailing this. For God's sake, don't fail me."

The note was signed "Kitty." Below were given the house and street

number. Was it genuine? Or did it lead to a trap? He could not tell. It might be a phant or it might be a wall of real distress. There was only one way to find out unless he went to the police. That way was to go through with the adventure. He decided to play a lone hand except for such help as Johnnie could give him.

Clay took a downtown car and rode to the cross-street mentioned in the letter for a preliminary tour of investigation. The street designated was one of plain brownstone fronts with iron-grilled doors. The blank faces of the houses invited no confidence. It struck him that there was something sinister about the neighborhood, but perhaps the thought was born of the fear. Number 121 had windows barred with ornamental grilles. This might be to keep burglars out. It would serve equally well to keep prisoners in.

The gentleman did not linger in that street lined with houses of sinister faces. He did not care to call attention to his presence by strolling too long. Besides, he had some arrangements to make for the night at his rooms.

These were simple and few. He olled and loaded his revolver carefully, leaving the hammer on the one chamber left empty to prevent accidents, after the custom of all careful gunmen. He changed into the wrinkled suit he had worn when he reached the city, and substituted for his shoes a pair of felt-soled gymnasium ones.

The bowlegged "little puncher" watched his friend, just as a faithful dog does his master. He asked no questions. In good time he knew he would be told all it was necessary for him to know.

As they rode from the Bronx, Clay outlined the situation and told his plans so far as he had any.

"So I'm gona to take a whirl at it, Johnnie. Mebbe they're lyin' low up in that house to get me. Mebbe the note's the real thing. You can search me which it is. The only way to find out is to go through with the thing. You're job is to stick around in front of the hacienda and wait for me. If I don't show up inside of thirty minutes, get the police busy right away breakin' into the place. Do you get me, Johnnie?"

"Lemme get with you into the house, Clay," the little man pleaded.

"Nothin' doin', old-timer. This is my job, and I don't reckon I'll let anybody else tackle it. Much obliged, just the same. You're one sure-enough white man, Johnnie."

The little fellow knew that the matter was settled. Clay had decided and what he said was final. But Johnnie worried about it all the way. At the last moment, when they separated at the street corner, he added one last word.

"Don't you be too venturesome, son. If them guys get you it sure would break me all up."

Clay smiled cheerfully. "They're not gona to get me, Johnnie. Don't forget to remember not to forget your part. Keep under cover for thirty minutes; then if I haven't shown up, holler yore head off for the cops."

They were passing an alley as Clay finished speaking. He slipped into its friendly darkness and was presently lost to sight. It ran into an inner court which was the center of tortuous passages. The gentleman stopped to get his bearings, selected the likeliest exit, and brought up in the shelter of a small porch. This, he felt sure, must be the rear of the house he wanted.

A strip of lattice work ran up the side of the entrance. Very carefully, testing every step with his weight before trusting himself to it, he climbed up and edged forward noiselessly upon the roof. On hands and knees he crawled to the window and tried to peer in.

The blind was down, but he could see that the room was dark. What danger lurked behind the drawn blind he could not guess, but after a moment, to make sure that the revolver beneath his belt was really for instant use, he put his hand gently on the sash.

His motions were soundless as the fall of snowflakes. The window moved slowly, almost imperceptibly, under the pressure of his hands. Warily he lifted one leg into the room. His head followed, then the rest of his body. He waited, every nerve tensed.

There came to him a sound that sent cold finger-tips playing a tattoo up and down his spine. It was the intake of some one's cautious breathing.

His hand crept to the butt of the revolver. He crouched, poised for either attack or retreat.

A bath of light flooded the room and swallowed the darkness. Instantly Clay's revolver leaped to the air.

CHAPTER VIII

A Late Evening Call.

A young woman in an open-neck nightgown sat up in bed, a cascade of black hair fallen over her white shoulders. Eyes like jet beads were fastened on him. In them he read indignation struggling with fear.

"Say, what are you anyhow—a moll buzzer? If you're a porch-climber out for the props you've sure come to the wrong dump. I got nothin' but bum rocks."

This was Greek to Clay. He did not know that she had asked him if he were a man who robs women, and that she had told him he could get no diamonds there since hers were false.

The Arizonaan guessed at once that he was not in the room mentioned in the letter. He slipped his revolver back into its place between shirt and trousers.

"Is this house number 121?" he asked.

"No, it's 123. What of it?"

"It's the wrong house. I'm certainly one chump."

The black eyes lit with sardonic mockery. "Say, do I look like one of them born-every-minute kind?" she asked easily. "Go ahead and spring that old one on me about how you got tanked at the club and come in at the window on account of your wife havin' a temper something like mine."

"No, I—I was lookin' for some one else. I'm awful sorry I scared you. I'd eat dirt if it would do any good, but it won't. I'm just a plumb idiot. I reckon I'll be pushin' on my reins." He turned toward the window.

"Stop right there where you're at," she ordered sharply. "Take a step to that window and I'll holier for a barnes bull like a Bowery bride gettin' a wallopin' from her friend husband. I gotta have an explanation. And who told you I was scared? Forget that stuff. Take it from Annie that she ain't the kind that scares."

"I came to see some one else, but I got in the wrong house," he explained again lamely.

"That's twice I heard both them interestin' facts. Who is this goll you was coughin' through a window to see in the middle of the night. And what's that gut for if it ain't to croak some other guy? You oughta be ashamed of yourself for not pullin' a better wheeze than that one."

"You're way off. I wasn't callin' on her to—." He stuck hopelessly.

"Whinny know about that?" she came back with obvious sarcasm. "You softbilly give me a palm. I'll say you weren't callin' to arrange no Sunday school picnic. Listen. Look at that wall a minute, will you?"

When he turned again at her order she was sitting on the side of the bed wrapped in a kimono, her feet in bedroom slippers. He saw now that she was a slender-bodied slip of a girl. The lean forearm, which showed bare to the elbow when she raised it to draw the kimono closer round her, told Clay that she was none too well nourished.

It occurred to him that she might give him information of value. He told her the story of Kitty Mason. He could see by the girl's eyes that she had jumped to the conclusion that he was in love with Kitty. He did not attempt to disturb that conviction. It might enlist her sympathy.

Annie Millikan had never seen a man like this before, so clean and straight and good to look at. From childhood she had been brought up on the fringe of that underworld the atmosphere of which is miasmic. She was impressed in spite of herself.

"Say, why don't you go into the movies and be one of these here screen



"Say, Why Don't You Go Into the Movies and Be One of These Here Screen Stars?"

ideas? You'd knock 'em dead," she advised slipshodly, crossing her bare ankles.

Clay laughed. He liked the insolent little twist to her mouth. She made one strong appeal to him. This bit of a girl, so slipshod that he could break her in his hands, was game to the core. He recognized it as a quality of kinship.

"How do you know the girl ain't a badger-worker? You wanta go slow when you tackle Jerry Durand. I can tell you one thing. He's in this business up to the neck. I seen his shadow, Gorilla Dave, comin' outa the house next door twice today."

"Seen anything of the girl?"

"Nope. But she may be there. Honest, you're up against a tough game. Why don't you lay down on it?" she asked, her frank eyes searching his.

"You certainly will if you've got good sense."

"I'm gona through."

Her black eyes warmed. "Say, I'll bet you're some guy when you get started. Hop to it and I hope you get Jerry good. Say, listen! I got a hunch mebbe it's a bum steer, but you can't be sure till you try it. Why don't you get in through the roof instead of the window?"

"Can I get in that way?"

"Surest think you know—if the trapdoor ain't latched. Say, stick around outside my room half a sec, will you?"

The gentleman waited in the darkness of the passage. If his enemies were trying to ambush him in the house next door the girl's plan might save him. He would have a chance at least to get them unexpectedly in the rear.

It could have been scarcely more than two minutes later that the young woman joined him. They padded softly along the corridor till they came to a flight of stairs running up. The girl led the way, taking the treads without noise in her stockinged feet. Clay followed with the utmost caution.

She took him toward the rear to a ladder which ended at a dormer half-door leading to the roof. Clay fumbled with his fingers, found a hook, unfastened it, and pushed open the trap. He looked up into a starlit night and a moment later stepped out upon the roof. Presently the slim figure of the girl stood beside him.

They moved across to a low wall, climbed it and came to the dormer door of the next house. Clay knelt

and lifted it an inch or two very slowly. He lowered it again and rose.

"I'm a heap obliged to you, Miss," he said in a low voice. "You're a game little gentleman."

She nodded. "My name is Annie Millikan."

"Mine is Clay Lindsay. I want to come and thank you proper some day."

"I take tickets at Heath's Palace of Wonders two blocks down," she whispered. "Look out for yourself. Don't let 'em get you. Give 'em a chance, and that gang would croak you sure. You will be careful, won't you?"

"I never threw down on myself yet."

The girl's slipshod broke out again. "Say, lemme know when the weddin' is and I'll send you a salad bowl," she flashed at him quickly as he turned to go.

Clay was already busy with the door. Darkness engulfed him as he closed the trapdoor overhead. His exploring foot found each tread of the ladder with the utmost caution. Near the foot of it he stopped to listen for any sound that might serve to guide him.

None came. The passage was as noiseless as it was dark.

Again he had that sense of cold finger-tips making a keyboard of his spine. But he tread down the pane and set his will to carry on. He crept forward along the passage. Every step or two he stopped to listen. Nerves keyed to an acute tension.

A flight of stairs brought him to what he knew must be the second floor. To him there floated a murmur of sounds. He soft-footed it closer, reached the door, and dropped noiselessly to a knee. A key was in the lock on the outside. With infinite

precaution against rattling he turned it, slid it out, and dropped it in his coat pocket. His eye fastened to the opening.

Three men were sitting round a table. They were making a bluff at playing cards, but their attention was focused on a door that evidently led into another room. Two automatic revolvers were on the table close to the hands of their owners. A black-jack lay in front of the third man. Clay recognized him as Gorilla Dave. The other two were strangers to him.

Something evil in the watchfulness of the three chilled momentarily his veins. These fellows were the gunmen of New York he had read about—paid assassins whose business it was to frame innocent men for the penitentiary or kill them in cold blood. They were of the underworld, without conscience and without honor.

A soft step sounded in the corridor behind the man at the keyhole. He had not time to crawl away nor even to rise before a man stumbled against him.

Clay had one big advantage over his opponent. He had been given an instant of warning. His right arm went up around the neck of his foe and tightened there. His left hand turned the doorknob. Next moment the two men crashed into the room together, the Westerner rising to his feet as they came, with the body of the other lying across his back from hip to shoulder.

Gorilla Dave leaped to his feet. The other two gunmen, caught at disadvantage a few feet from the table, dived for their automatics. They were too late. Clay swung his body downward from the waist with a quick, strong jerk. The man on his back shot heels over head as though he had been hurled from a catapult, crashed face up on the table, and dragged it over with him in his forward plunge to the wall.

Before any one else could move or speak, Lindsay's gun was out.

"Easy now," his voice was a gentle drivel that carried a menace. "Lemme be boss of the rodeo a while. No, Gorilla, I wouldn't play with that club if I was you. I'm sure h—I'mille on this gunstun. Drop it!" The last two words came sharp and crisp, for the big thing had telegraphed an unintentional warning of his purpose to dive at the man behind the thirty-five.

Gorilla Dave's fingers opened and the blackjack dropped from his hand to the floor.

"For the love of Mike, who is this, guy?" demanded one of the other men. "I'm the fifth member of our little party," explained Clay.

"Wot 'ell do youse mean? And what's the big idea in most killin' the chief?"

The man who had been hung across the table turned over and groaned. Clay would have known that face among a thousand. It belonged to Jerry Durand.

"I came in at the wrong door and without announcin' myself," said the gentleman, almost lazily, the unburied indifference of his manner not shaken. "You see I wanted to be on time so as not to keep you waitin'. I'm Clay Lindsay."

The more talkative of the gunmen from the East side flashed one look at the two automatics lying on the floor beside the overturned table. They might as well have been in Brazil for all the good they were to him.

"Move over to the other side of the room, Gorilla, and join yore two friends," suggested the master of ceremonies. "And don't make any mistake. If you do you won't have time to be sorry for it. I'll certainly shoot to kill."

The big-shouldered thug shuffled over. Clay stepped sideways, watching the three gunmen every foot of the way, kicked the automatics into the open, and took possession of them. He felt safer with the revolvers in his coat pocket, for they had been within reach of Durand, and that member of the party was showing signs of a return to active interest in the proceedings.

"When I get you right I'll croak you. By G—d, I will," swore the gang leader savagely, nursing his battered head. "No big stiff from the bushes can run anything over on me."

"I tellers you," retorted Clay easily. "That is, I believe you're tellin' me yore intentions straight. There's no news in that to write home about. But you'd better make that if instead of when. This is three cracks you're

had at me and I'm still a right healthy rube."

"Don't bank on fool luck any more. I'll get you sure," cried Durand sourly. "The gorge of the Arizona rose. 'Mebbes. You're a dirty dog, Jerry Durand. From the beginning you were a rotten fighter—in the ring and out of it. You and yore strong-arm men! Do you think I'm afraid of you because you surround yourself with dips and yeggmen and hopouts, all scorn and gutter and fifth of the earth? Where I come from men fight clean and out in the open. They'd atomp you out like a rattlesnake."

He whipped open the door, stepped out, closed it, and took the key from his pocket. A moment, and he had turned the lock.

From within there came a rush that shook the panels. Clay was already busy searching for Kitty. He tore open door after door, culling her loudly by name. Even in the darkness he could see that the rooms were empty of furniture.

There was a crash of splintering panels, the sound of a burning lock. Almost as though it were an echo of it came a heavy pounding upon the street door. Clay guessed that the thirty minutes were up and that the hunt was bringing the police. He dived back into one of the empty rooms just in time to miss a rush of men pouring along the passage to the stairs.

Cut off from the street, Clay took to the roof again. It would not do for him to be caught in the house by the police. He climbed the ladder, pushed his way through the trapdoor, opening, and breathed deeply of the night air.

But he had no time to lose. Already he could hear the tramping of feet up the stairs to the second story.

Lightly he vaulted the wall and



Cut Off From the Street, Clay Took to the Roof Again.

came to the roof door leading down to number 123. He found it latched. The eaves of the roof projected so far that he could not from there get a hold on the window casings below. He made a vain circuit of the roof, then passed to the next house.

Again he was out of luck. The tenants had made safe the entrance against prowlers of the night. He knew that at any moment now the police might appear in pursuit of him. There was no time to lose.

He crossed to the last house in the block—and found himself barred out. As he rose from his knees he heard the voices of men clambering through the eaves to the roof. At the same time he saw that which brought him to instant action. It was a rope clothes-line which ran from post to post, dangling from one corner of the building to another and back to the opposite one.

No man in Manhattan's millions knew the value of a rope or could handle one more expertly than this gentleman. His knife was open before he had reached the nearest post. One strong slash of the blade severed it. In six long strides he was at the second post—unwinding the line. He used his knife a second time at the third post.

With deft motions Clay worked swiftly. He was fastening the rope to the chimney of the house. Every instant he expected to hear a voice raised in excited discovery of him crouched in the shadows. But his fingers were as sure and as steady as though he had minutes before him instead of seconds.

"There's the guy—over by the chimney."

Clay threw the slack of the line from the roof. He had no time to test the strength of the rope nor its length. As the

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LUCKY ARTIST WON FORTUNE

Comfortable Sum Bequeathed Painter Who Had Reproduced Features of Beloved Daughter.

A fortune of \$40,000, (\$230,000), which was bequeathed by the late Robert B. Hawley, president of the Cuban-American Sugar company, to Mr. Learned and his family was the result of a portrait of the sugar magnate's dead daughter. Mr. Hawley made a fortune in the export business, and in 1890 he was elected to congress. Just after he left congress his daughter Sue died, and he was heartbroken. The only likeness that he possessed of his loved one was a small photograph, and this lacked much of the fine individuality that had characterized her face.

Taking the photo Mr. Hawley went to Arthur G. Learned, a rising young artist, and asked him to make a portrait that would recall something of the inspiration the girl had been in her father's life. This picture was made and it exceeded the hopes of the grief-stricken father. The latter was so grateful that he became on the closest terms of friendship with the painter and his family. Mr. Hawley died in November and left to Mr. Learned and his wife \$20,000, (\$100,000), and to their little son \$2,000 (\$10,000), and a trust fund of \$21,000, (\$120,000).—Manchester Guardian Weekly.

OPEN FIREPLACE A NUISANCE

Women of Past Generations Considered the Huge Affairs of Those Days as Unnecessary.

Nowadays one of the most convincing proofs that you can give to the fact that your city apartment is of the highest class and unlike the ordinary is to say that it has "open fireplace." Even a single "open fireplace" in an apartment is enough to raise it from the shoddy majority. And, of course, when we dream of owning a house in the country most of us, nine out of ten of us, think of an open fireplace as a sine qua non of such an abode.

But our grandmothers had no such opinions of open fireplaces.

Open fireplaces were a real humiliation to the woman who had them in her house 50 years or more ago. At least that feeling prevailed in this country. A small grate fire, that held a few shovels of coal, was another matter, but the sort of fireplace where logs burned across firebricks was well, it was one of the cruelties that most persons did not like to possess. Yes, there was a time when a Franklin burner or a drum stove was considered more of an ornament to the well-furnished drawing room than the spot of wide-hearthed fireplace that we covet nowadays.

Section Men Watch Step.

Section men are known for their deliberate movements. They never get in a hurry unless there is some urgent work to be done. As long as they are on the go they are supposed to be working fast enough.

Track workers on the subway lines are even more deliberate in their movements than men employed on regular railroads. Where the old-time section workers had to look out for fliers and occasional freight trains, the subway track men have to be on the watch for express and local trains passing every few minutes. In addition, they've got to have a care for the third rail. In crossing the tracks every movement is taken with the death-dealing current always in mind. A hurried, reckless step might end fatally. Probably in no other line of work is efficiency so measured by slow work.

Royal Parish Church.

Although St. Martin-in-the-Fields (London, England) once the Royal Parish church—has just celebrated its 200th anniversary under the Royal regis, the church stands on a site consecrated centuries before. The first organ used in the present building was purchased by George I, who had the royal arms worked in relief on the portico. Soon after its erection the church was thus referred to in a periodical of the time:

"The inhabitants are now supplied with a decent tabernacle, which can produce as handsome a show of white hands, diamond rings, pretty snuff boxes, and gilt prayer books as any cathedral, says the Daily Chronicle. In its ghostly form he could return some wet and wintry midnight and see the outcast refugees in those once jeweled pews.

Darken Fish Bowl.

On the outside of your goldfish bowl paint the bottom and about two inches above the bottom in dark-green paint. This adds greatly to the comfort of your pets. They will not swim so wildly but seek the bottom and rest. Very pretty castles can be built of rough pebbles, and cement (chasing a cement that will not be affected by water) projections, rocks and tunnels will be appreciated by the fish. Boys and girls, too, will find making them a pleasure.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

THE BIG TOWN ROUND-UP

Continued from Page 2

The cattleman did not answer except by the smashing of glass. He had forced his way into two houses within the past hour. He was now busy breaking into a third. The window had not yielded to pressure. Therefore he was knocking out the glass with the butt of his revolver.

He crawled through the opening just as some one sat up in bed with a frightened exclamation.

"Who—ls—s—s—s it?" a masculine voice asked, teeth chattering.

Clay had no time to gratify idle curiosity. He ran through the room, reached the head of the stairs and went down on the banister to the first floor. He fled back to the rear of the house and stole out by the kitchen door.

The darkness of the alley swallowed him, but he could still hear the shouts of the men on the roof and answering ones from new arrivals below.

Five minutes later he was on board a street car. He was not at all particular as to its destination. He wanted to be anywhere but here. This neighborhood was getting entirely too active for him.

CHAPTER IX

The Gangman Sees Red.

Exactly thirty minutes after Clay had left him to break into the house, Johnnie lifted his voice in a loud wail for the police. He had read somewhere that one can never find an officer when he is wanted, but the Bull-of-Bashan roar of the cowpuncher brought them running from all directions.

Out of the confused explanations of the range-rider the first policeman to reach him got two lucid statements.

"They're white-slavin' a straight girl. This busher says his pal went in to rescue her half an hour ago and hasn't showed up since," he told his mates.

With Johnnie bringing up the rear they made a noisy attack on the front door of Number 121. Almost immediately it was opened from the inside. Four men had come down the stairs in a headlong rush to cut off the escape of one who had outwitted and taunted them.

Those who wanted to get in and those who wanted to get out all tried to talk at once, but as soon as the police recognized Jerry Durand they gave him the floor.

"We're after a flat-walker," explained the ex-pugilist. "He must be tryin' for a roof getaway." He turned and led the joint forces back up the stairs.

Things and officers surged up after him, carrying with them in their rush the front. He presently found himself on the roof with those engaged in a main-buff for his friend. When Clay shattered the window and disappeared inside after his escape from the roof, Johnnie gave a deep sigh of relief. This gun-play got on his nerves, since Lindsay was the target of it.

The bundy-legged range-rider was still trudging along with the party ten minutes later when its scattered members drew together in tacit admission that the limited men had escaped.

The gang leader was in a vile temper. If this story reached the newspapers all New York would be laughing at him. He could appeal to the police, have Clay Lindsay arrested, and get him sent up for a term on the charge of burglary. But he could not do it without the whole tale coming out. One thing Jerry Durand could not stand was ridicule. His vanity was one of his outstanding qualities, and he did not want it widely known that the boob he had intended to trap had turned the tables on him, man-handled him, jeered at him and locked him in a room with his three henchmen.

Johnnie Green chose this inopportune moment for reminding the officers of the reason for the coming to the house.

"What about the young lady?" he asked solicitously.

Durand wheeled on him, looked him over with an insolent, malevolent eye, and jerked a thumb in his direction. "Who is this guy?"

"He's the fellow tipped us off his pal was inside," answered one of the patrolmen. He spoke in a whisper close to the ear of Jerry. "Likely he knows more than he lets on. Shall I make a pinch?"

The eyes of the gang leader narrowed. "So he's a friend of this second-story bird, is he?"

"Y'betcha!" chirped up Johnnie, "and I'm plumb tickled to take his dust, too. Now, about this yere young lady?"

Jerry caught him hard on the side of the jaw with a short-arm jolt. The range-rider hit the pavement hard. Slowly he got to his feet nursing his cheek.

"What yuh do that for, doggone it?" he demanded resentfully. "Me, I wasn't lookin' for no trouble. Me, I—"

Durand leaped at him across the sidewalk. His strong fingers closed on the throat of the how-legged puncher.

The officers piled Jerry loose from his victim with the greatest difficulty. He tried furiously to get at him, lunging from the men who were holding his arms.

The puncher sank helplessly against the wall.

"He's got all he can carry. Mr. Durand," one of the bluecoats said, soothingly. "You don't wanna croak the little guy. Gimme the word, an' I'll run him in for a drunk."

Jerry shook his head. "Nope. Let him go, Pete."

The policeman walked up to the runt and caught him roughly by the arm. "Move along outa here. I'd ought to pinch you, but I'm not gonna do it this time, see? You beat it!"

Durand turned to one of his followers. "Tall that fellow. Find out where he's stayin' and report."

Helplessly Johnnie went staggering down the street. He did not understand why he had been treated so, but the instinct of self-preservation car-

ried him out of the danger zone without argument about it. Even as he wobbled away he was looking with unwavering faith to his friend to right his wrongs. Clay would fix this fellow Durand for what he had done to him.

Clay did his best under the handicap of a lack of entente between him and the authorities to search New York for Kitty. He used the personal columns of the newspapers. He got in touch with taxicab drivers, ticket-sellers, postmen, and station guards. All the time he knew that in such a maze as Manhattan it would be a miracle if he found her.

But miracles are made possible by miracle-workers. The Westerner was a sixty-horse-power dynamo of energy. He felt responsible for Kitty and he gave himself with single-minded devotion to the job of discovering her.

When Clay met Kitty at last it was quite by chance. As it happened, Beatrice was present at the time.

He had been giving a box party at the Empire. The gay little group was gathered under the awning outside the foyer while the limousine that was to take them to Shanley's for supper was being called. Colin Whitford, looking out into the rain that pelted down, uttered an exclamation "By Jove!"

Clay turned to him inquiringly.

"A woman was looking out of that doorway at us," he said. "If she's not in deep water I'm a bad guesser. I thought for a moment she knew me or some one of us. She started to reach out her hands and then shrank back."

"Young or old?" asked the cattleman.

"Young—a girl."

"Excuse me." The host was off in an instant, almost on the run.

But the woman had gone, swallowed in the semidarkness of a side street. Clay followed.

Beatrice turned to her father, eyebrows lifted. There was a moment's awkward silence.

"Mr. Lindsay will be back presently," Whitford said. "We'll get in and wait for him out of the way a little farther up the street."

When Clay rejoined them he talked in a low voice with Beatrice's father. The young man nodded agreement and Lindsay turned to the others.

"I'm called away," he explained aloud. "Mr. Whitford has kindly promised to play host in my place. I'm right sorry to leave, but it's urgent."

His grave smile asked Beatrice to be charitable in her findings. The eyes she gave him were coldly hostile. He knew Beatrice did not and would not understand.

The girl was waiting where Clay had left her, crouched against a basement milliner's door under the shelter of the steps.

"I've looked for you everywhere," moaned the girl. "It's been awful."

"I know, but it's got to be all right now, Kitty," he comforted. "You're going home with me tonight. Tomorrow we'll talk it all over."

He tucked an arm under hers and led her along the wet, shining street to a taxicab. She crouched in a corner of the cab, her body shaken with sobs.

The young man moved closer and put a strong arm around her shoulders. "Don't you worry, Kitty. Your big brother is on the job now."

He knew her story now in its essentials as well as he did later when she wept it out to him in confession. And because she was who she was, born to lean on a stronger will, he acquitted her of blame.

To be continued

Shoot Cable Over River.

Telephones and press communication with Portland and points as far north as Montana, cut off recently by the overflowing of the Santiam river, in central Oregon, was restored by shooting across the river a weight to which was attached a light wire.

A projectile gun was used, according to the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company. After ten attempts the wire was landed across a 400-foot gap and an emergency cable pulled across.

Too Much Cut Out.

"Your show can play in Plunkville if you cut out the objectionable features."

"Won't pay me."

"Nonsense. You can continue to charge \$2 per seat."

"Not for a ten-minute show."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Radium in Brazil.

A rich find of radium has been reported in the state of Minas Geraes in Brazil, according to a traveler who has just returned from South America. The radium is in the form of uranium oxide.

Normal Temperature.

As defined by experts, normal temperature for any place is the temperature obtained by averaging a period of temperatures so long that further additions will not materially affect the result. Actually, however, there are only a few such long records in the country, and normal is taken to mean the average of a period of observation of selected length, usually the longest obtainable.

Always the Same Dreams.

What is called science has always pursued the elixir of life and the philosopher's stone, and is just as busy after them today as ever it was in the day of Paracelsus. We call them by different names, immunization or eugenics, or what not; but the dreams which lure us into the adventures from which we learn are always at bottom the same.—Bernard Shaw.

Explaining One Problem.

Jud Tunkins says some of the modern problems are due to the fact that there are too many chefs and not enough hired girls.

A Trying Week.

The Face of the Earth—Dear me, when I smile they report an earthquake.—New York Herald.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher
Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort.—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Pelican Ate Golf Ball.

A pelican, one of those huge, long-beaked marine birds that poise themselves a hundred feet above the water, close their wings and with beaks open dive head foremost into schools of small fish, finished a golf game in St. Petersburg, Fla., recently "one down." The Coffee Pot course is along the shore of Tampa bay and on the eleventh hole is a small brackish lake forming a water hazard, which must be crossed to reach the green.

One member of a foursome drove from the tee and a strong wind carried the ball into the lake. A pelican flying lazily above the lake suddenly took the ball bobbing on the surface for a new variety of fish, for he suddenly closed his wings, dropped with terrific speed and gobbled it.

What Counts.

There was a gleam of triumph in the young man's eyes as he gazed at the woman he loved.

"I'm going to write a great novel that will make me famous," he said.

The beautiful girl remained seated and made no reply.

"Then I have a scheme to bring peace and happiness to the world," he continued.

She still remained seated.

"In order to carry out this scheme I needed money," he went on, "so I played the market and won over a million."

She jumped up and fell into his arms.

Early Disillusionment.

When I was eight years old I was very much in love with a neighbor's boy, three years my senior—or imagined I was. One day my dad bought me a pair of shiny new shoes, of which I was very proud. When my young knight came over to see my brothers I showed him my new shoes. He looked them over, then said to my brother, "Are they yours? They are big enough for an elephant." Thus ended my first love affair.—Exchange.

Disagree on Derivation.

Some rather far-fetched explanations are being given as to the derivation of the English term "so long" uttered when parting. "The Dictionary of Passing English of the Victorian Era" says it is a corruption of the Jewish word "salah," used in the Whitechapel district of London as a form of goodbye. Equally curious is the statement that it may be a form of "salamin," the eastern salutation of peace.

Smoking in Churches.

The churches on Manhattan island in the very early days were not heated, says Gar Logie. It is related that the "half-dozen dominies preached with heavy knit or fur caps pulled over their ears, and wearing mittens." Both men and women carried mufflers and wore them in church, and the head of the family, when he felt so inclined, smoked his pipe.

Establishing a Precedent.

"Do you think we ought to require payment of loans made abroad?"

"No," answered Farmer Coratossel. "Payin' of loans is a nuisance."

"But cancellation of the debts to which I refer would not assist you."

"It might, I'm a'min' to be considerate to him and when payin' time comes I'll be a'min' to let him know how the authorities would treat him."

Amsterdam Has Good Idea.

The people of Amsterdam are taught how to behave in public—that is, on which side of the pavement to walk, how to carry canes and umbrellas, etc., by means of official motion pictures.

Jud Tunkins.

Jud Tunkins says there's a big advantage in using long words. Anybody would rather take what you say for granted than be put to the trouble of looking in the dictionary.

Wormwood.

The Kaiser's pet racing yacht was the Germania. He kept it at the Kiel Yacht club and dreamed of world power as it carried him on cruises.

"The war changed a lot of things. It changed the name Germania to Half Moon. It also changed the yacht's ownership. Gordon Woolbury of New York owns it now. He starts on the Half Moon for a cruise in the South seas."

When Bill Holenzoller heard about this at his famous woolpile in Holland, it's a safe bet he broke his jaw.

United States Leads World.

There are in the United States today more than thirteen and three-quarter millions of telephones. This is an average of 12.7 telephones for every 100 persons or, put another way, better than one telephone for every eight people. From a telephone standpoint this country is by far the best developed in the world. In fact, no other country is even a close second.

No X-Ray for Birds.

Dr. Peckewood knows just where to operate. He needs no X-ray or stethoscope, to determine the seat of the trouble, says the American Forestry magazine. In summer he may hear the borer working in the wood, but in winter, when both insects and trees are frozen, when there is no possibility of any sound to guide him, the tree doctor always operates just where the hibernating, motionless insects are snugly hidden in their cells.

A Sultan's Watch.

In 1894 a most elaborate watch was made—of twenty-two carat gold—for Sultan Abdul-Medjid by a firm at Carthage. This giant watch was five inches in diameter. Though it had no bell, it chimed the hours and quarters, the striking apparatus consisting of wires. Its powerful yet pleasant tone resembled that of a cathedral clock. The cost of this wonderful thing was twelve hundred guineas.

Can't Take Frosting Off Glass.

There is no chemical method of taking the frosting effect off of glass that is practical. The frosting ordinarily is done either by sand blasting or by etching with hydrofluoric acid, and the cheapest method would be to substitute clear glass for the frosted glass.—Dr. Roy Cross, Kansas City Testing Laboratory.

The Cruel and Unusual.

"Huskin treated Lady Milla's when she was Mrs. Huskin abominably. He was not brutal, he never reproved her. But he kept a diary, and every Monday morning he had her up before him and read her a list of all her misdeeds for every day in the past week."—From "The Whistler Journal," by E. R. and J. Pennell.

The Palm Crab.

The Palm crab, of the Indian ocean, is famous for its strength. He lives in coconut groves, where he digs holes beneath the trees and hides. He is very fond of coconuts. He tears the husk from the nuts, with his powerful claws, and uses this husk to line his bed. He always opens the end of the coconut that contains the soft spot, which may be hammered with his claw until an opening is made. Sometimes he seizes it so firmly with his claw that he can dash the nut against a rock and break it to pieces. But the husk has to be torn away, shred by shred, first.

Moths and Mimicry.

In some large quarries in Argentina it has been observed that a certain species of night-flying moths frequents these places during the day to rest. The moths lie flat against the rocks, which they match perfectly in color, and are practically invisible. This is a case of mimicry by reason of the fact that these quarries contain a colored stone which is unknown elsewhere, and the further fact that it is less than a hundred years since the quarries were opened.—Scientific American.

Special Bargains

Full and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at 5 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which will arrive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

PLANTS GET OWN MOISTURE

Ingenuous Device That Will Assuredly Be Welcomed by All Absent-Minded Husbands.

Stay-at-home husbands are prone to forget to water the flowers that adorn the sitting room, even though specially charged to do so by absent wives. They will doubtless welcome a device just invented by a Frenchman, M. Placon, which enables plants literally to water themselves and to do so with efficiency, lacking neither too much nor too little to drink. This device, which obtained a gold medal in France, consists of a flower pot of the usual shape, but having a double wall. The description runs, according to the Literary Digest:

The space between the two walls constitutes a reservoir of water. Into this there extends two to four curved tubes, according to the shape of the pot. Each of these tubes contains a wick. The lower end of the tube dips into the reservoir of water while the other end is bent so as to dip beneath the surface of the soil in the inner pot. Consequently we really have a set of siphons which are set in action by the capillary attraction which causes the water to rise in the wick. Thus there is a gentle but steady flow of moisture to the plant.

In order to adapt the apparatus to the needs of any individual plant it is only necessary to remove the inner pot after the end of 24 hours and note whether the outer pot still holds any water. If so, the plant is overwatered, since the excess of water has been drawn by gravity to the bottom of the inner pot and escaped through the hole in the center into the outer pot.

'FOR LOVE, NOT BY PURCHASE'

New Attitude Toward Marriage Is Seen to Be Awakening Among the Women of China.

Closely related with the new home-idea in China is the new idea on marriage; that is, individual choice rather than family choice; "for love, not by purchase."

Like the new home this will be a matter of slow evolution. For in China the individual is not thought of or looked upon as an entity; he is but a part of a family which is the unit, the entity and which at all costs must be preserved and perpetuated. Hence, individual desires must be subsidiary to the wishes or the benefit of the family.

The practice of this principle throughout the long centuries has instilled in children a submissiveness to parents, to family, that is engendering of personality, though it is the steel that gives strength and form to the structure of the Chinese nation. The submissiveness is more than a conscious obedience; it is involuntary surrender.

Consequently, though the new young woman may advocate the theory of personal choice in marriage, only the most radical really desire it or would dare wholly to follow it. Emma Sarepta Yale writes in Scribner's. In matters touching the soul centers, inheritance and tradition are always stronger than imported ideas, no matter how forcible their appeal to reason. Miss China still feels that in the matter of a lifetime the parents' judgment is the better.

For Religion's Sake.

DUCHESS OF PORTLAND

Attributes Her Youthful Appearance to Vegetarianism



The Duchess of Portland, known to be the youngest appearing woman for her age in England, attributes her well preserved being to a strict vegetarian diet. She was, before her marriage, Winifred Dallas-Yorke, daughter of a prominent London sportsman.

NAVAL OIL LEASES TO BE INVESTIGATED

Senator Poindexter Intimates It After Fiery Attack by La Follette on Wyoming Deal.

Washington.—Days of the old Ballinger-Pinchot investigation were recalled in the senate when Senator La Follette of Wisconsin assailed the action of Secretary of the Interior Fall in leasing the naval oil reserves. He dwelt particularly on the leasing of the Wyoming reserve, known as Teapot Dome, to the Mammoth Oil Company of Delaware, of which Harry F. Sinclair is president and in which Colonel William H. Boyce Thompson is interested. Senator La Follette charged that from April 7, when the contract was signed, to April 21, when the Interior Department made it public, there was speculation in Sinclair Oil stock on the New York Stock Exchange amounting to \$80,000,000.

Warning Congress it would share the responsibility "with the Executive" if it did not investigate, he demanded a searching inquiry into the whole transaction under a resolution he had offered, and indicated this was only the first gun in the battle.

At the close of Senator La Follette's speech, Senators Poindexter and McCumber of the Republican side declared there should be an investigation, and the La Follette resolution should be adopted. Senator La Follette served notice that the senate might as well pass his resolution. He declared there would be no peace and quiet in the senate until it was passed.

While La Follette was speaking unofficial information reached the Capitol that President Harding had sent for all the papers in the Wyoming case and that he had started an inquiry of his own without waiting for action by Congress.

WORLD'S NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

PARIS.—No oil concessions have as yet been granted by the Soviet government.

BELFAST.—Raids by Irish rebels on various branches of the Bank of Ireland have netted more than 100,000 pounds sterling (about \$450,000).

TOKIO.—Premier Liang Shih I of the Peking or North China government of China has resigned, according to an unconfirmed report reaching here. His reported resignation was believed to have been a result of the crisis caused by the fighting between the forces of Wu Pei Fu and Shang Tsai Lin for control of Peking.

WASHINGTON.—The senate ordered an inquiry into all phases of Naval oil reserves.

RIO DE JANEIRO.—Federal troops have been placed at the disposition of the federal judge in the state of Maranhao to enforce his habeas corpus writ in favor of the deposed state president who is imprisoned in the government palace.

ATLANTIC CITY.—There was a report here that the dry navy to be used against rum runners along the coast is to have its headquarters here and to operate up and down the coast from this base.

SHANGHAI.—With the last of the Peking government's fleet a mangle and twisted ruin in the Pearl river and strong forces moving on the northern capital, Peking was reported on the verge of a siege.

DUBLIN.—Irish rebel bands struck a severe body blow against the Free State by the seizure of the custom house at Cork and bonded warehouses throughout Counties Limerick and Galway. Millions of pounds' worth of goods, including liquors, were seized. The attack had as its object a mortal blow at the internal revenue of the Free State.

An 800-pound granite cross fell from the top of the 50-foot steeple of Christ Episcopal church Montpelier, Vt., knocked J. W. Hingley of Burlington, a steeplejack, from his perch ten feet from the roof, and then crashed through the roof and floor of the main auditorium. Hingley fell to a ledge. One rib was broken.

POPE APPEALS TO GENOA

Delegates Welcome Plea From Vatican, Believing It Will Tend to Modify Opposition at Home.

RUSSIA APPEALS TO FRANCE

Reds Send Note to Placate French—Barthou Is Assured No Secret Pact Exists With Berlin; Express Desire for Amicable Relation.

Genoa.—Pope Plus XI sent a note to all the powers assembled at the Genoa conference appealing to them to adopt a conciliatory attitude toward Russia and open the way to peaceful relationship among all the nations of the world. The communication, signed by Cardinal Gasparri, was handed personally to the chief of each delegation at the conference by a special courier from the Vatican just before noon. It urges the necessity of a world-wide understanding and indicates plainly the Supreme Pontiff's desire that some agreement between Russia and the western world be reached at the present gathering.

Coming at a moment when the conference is in the throes of negotiations over the terms on which Russia may re-enter the family of nations, the Pope's appeal had a strong reaction on the delegates. They feel that it will bring pressure for peace on them from home, also, and that it may serve to clear away obstacles that so far have been insurmountable.

Premier Lloyd George hastened to be the first to issue a statement, declaring that he was much pleased with the Pope's appeal and greatly admired the terms in which it was couched.

"The Pope speaks with first-hand knowledge of the conditions existing in eastern Europe," said the British Premier. "So clear and definite a pronouncement from the Holy See in favor of conciliation to all the Christian powers of Europe."

After church services Lloyd George had lunch with a Catholic dignitary from Rome who is supposed to have been the Vatican's messenger.

A hopeful sign that the desire expressed by the Pope might be realized was seen in a conciliatory letter written by Georg Tehtcherin, chief of the Bolshevik delegation, to Louis Barthou, of the Paris group. The Russian leader asserted that the Russo-German treaty contained no secret military clauses, as the French have feared, and assured Barthou that the Bolshevik's delegates were most anxious to co-operate with France. If misunderstandings could be removed, Tehtcherin said, it would be possible to make further treaties with other nations, as Russia desired general accord with all the powers. The note expressed the opinion that the work of the conference and the re-establishment of stability in Europe would be hastened if France and Russia could come to an understanding.

The Pope's appeal did not meet from France the same enthusiastic response that it did from the British, although there is no doubt that it will have a favorable reaction on Catholic France. The French delegation was displeased to be critical because the spirit of the Pontiff's communication was contrary to the policy which the French have been pursuing. Although there was no suggestion among the French that the Pope was aiming at them particularly, they did express the opinion that the Holy Father had chosen a critical moment to exert pressure on all the nations at Genoa in favor of an understanding with Russia.

It was recalled in French circles that several weeks ago a report was circulated that the Bolshevik had entered into an agreement with the Vatican by which Catholic missionary workers might enter Russia unmolested and carry on the teaching of their faith among the peasants who formerly were followers of the Russian orthodox church under the Czar. The Pope's letter, therefore, counseling a spirit of conciliation toward Russia was regarded by some outspoken French Catholics here as possibly a natural sequence of events which can lead to the establishment of Catholicism in Russia.

Regret was expressed in some French circles that the Pope's communication made no deprecatory allusion to the wrongs committed under the Soviet regime in Russia.

KODAK PROFITS \$14,105,861

Decrease of \$4,460,349 From 1920 Credited to Business Depression. Rochester, N. Y.—The report of the Eastman Kodak Company for 1921, its nineteenth full year, shows net profits of \$14,105,861. This is a decrease of \$4,460,349 over profits for 1920 and about equal to the company's profits in 1919. The decrease is attributed to business depression and competition.

The report gives the company's resources as \$97,192,518.36, the figure not including good-will and patents.

CHEAP FERTILIZER PROCESS

Ford's Discovery Would Be Used at Muscle Shoals.

Washington.—A secret process for making cheaper fertilizers has been discovered and is intended for commercial use at the government's nitrate plants at Muscle Shoals. W. R. Mayo, chief engineer for Henry Ford, told the senate agriculture committee when the senate examination of the Ford modified proposal for the purchase and the lease of the Muscle Shoals property.

Congressman S. Wallace Dempsy, chairman of the rivers and harbors committee, told a joint assembly of the Northampton, Mass., chamber of commerce and Kiwanis Club that his committee definitely plans to start at the earliest opportunity on the project of making the Connecticut river navigable through from Northampton to Long Island sound.

Members of the North Adams, Mass. fire department and volunteers were called to fight the biggest forest fire of recent years, which raged on the western slopes of Hoosac mountain. Strenuous work was required for several hours before the flames were under control. The fire spread along a large portion of the mountain side.

DR. FREDERICK A. COOK

Seeks Official Recognition as Discoverer of North Pole



Dr. Frederick A. Cook has announced that he will seek official and public recognition as the real discoverer of the North Pole. The recent finding of his missing field notes and instruments in the Arctic seems to strengthen his claim.

WAR BEGINS IN CHINA; CLASH NEAR PEKING

Artillery Is Heard in Capital as General Chang and General Wu Open Hostilities.

Peking.—Fighting began at dawn at Changhsinien, twelve miles southwest of Peking.

Heavy artillery is audible in Peking. Foreign legations sent the Chinese government a warning against possible fighting in Peking between the troops of Chang Tso-Lin, governor of Manchuria, and Wu Pei-Fu, commander of the forces in central China.

The warning called attention to the severe consequences that might develop should any bombardment, or the dropping of bombs from airplanes damage property or endanger the lives of nationals of the various governments. The Chinese government was reminded of penalties imposed upon it in the past.

The diplomatic body took their action in view of the threatened outbreak of hostilities near Peking. Chang Tso-Lin is expected to arrive shortly at Tien-Tsin, and Wu Pei-Fu, is reported to have reached Pao-Ting-Fu, eighty miles southwest of Peking. Both armies are equipped with airplanes and artillery. Their fronts are thirty miles apart.

The military commanders at the American, British, French and Japanese legations have adopted measures for the protection of the Peking-Tien-Tsin Railroad, which the diplomatic officials have approved and sent to the Chinese Foreign Office. These measures are identical to those adopted during the revolution in January, 1912. They provide that in the event of necessity allied forces will patrol the railroad from Suihai-Kuan, in the northeast corner of Tien-Tsin, to Peking.

The note declares that any attempt to damage bridges, stations or telegraphic communications "will be resisted by the combined forces of the four powers co-operating in defense of the railway."

The infantry on both sides are holding stubbornly, this being General Chang Tso Lin's extreme left and therefore a vital section.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

Secretary Hughes told a delegation of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom who appealed to him for immediate American recognition of the Russian Soviet government that Russia must make herself capable of maintaining international relations before she can get recognition.

Senator Caraway (Ark.) threatens to demand showdown in senate on resolutions of inquiry into wholesale dismissal of Bureau of Engraving employees which the Committee on Civil Service reported adversely to the senate.

War Finance Corporation head asks Harding for better facilities for farmers.

Chamber of Commerce Coal Bureau issues report showing unusual condition of lack of demand for coal despite the coal strike; at present rate of production and consumption, says there can be no general shortage in next six weeks.

Legislative committee of Anti-Saloon League issues clarion call to friends of enforcement to get on job in coming political primaries; fears inroads may be made in the next Congress by wets.

Secretary Mellon ordered withdrawn, pending further consideration, the ruling of the Internal Revenue Bureau that contributions to the Woodrow Wilson Foundation were not exempt from income taxes.

President Harding is keeping hands off of Republican senatorial primary contests in all states, even Ohio, where his personal friends are in thick of fight; he said it is not business of the Executive to mix in them.

United States policy in Hayti to stand Hughes says, in criticizing protests from National Popular Government League as absurd.

Members of the North Adams, Mass. fire department and volunteers were called to fight the biggest forest fire of recent years, which raged on the western slopes of Hoosac mountain. Strenuous work was required for several hours before the flames were under control. The fire spread along a large portion of the mountain side.

TAFT TO NAME RUSS DEBT UMPIRE

Provision Relative to Arbitral Board in Proposals Drafted at Genoa Conference.

PLAN IN FULL APPROVED

It Will Be Formally Submitted to Soviet Delegation—Belgium Stands Out for Principle of Actual Property Restitution.

Genoa.—Chief Justice Taft, of the United States Supreme Court, will be asked to name the chairman of the mixed arbitral commission to be established for controlling the debts owed by the Russian government to foreign bondholders. Two other members of this commission will represent all the bondholders and the Russian government, respectively.

The commission will have power to remit interest and decide all questions affecting foreign bondholders and Russia's ability to meet her obligations; a time limit will be fixed in which bondholders may make their own arrangements with the Russian government if desired.

Mixed arbitral tribunals, one for every interested nation, will be set up to deal with the question of the property of foreigners who have been nationalized; the chairman of each will be named by the chairman of the mixed arbitral commission. In the plan adopted practically everything which savored of capitulations or infringement on Russia's sovereignty was waived. The French suggestion that a provisional administration, pending Russia's establishment of courts on the basis desired by Western Europe, was not approved.

Labor Day was a real labor day for the Genoa conference. The sub-commission on Russian affairs rushed its consideration of the Russian reconstruction plans and came through with approval of the draft of the proposals. These will be sent immediately to the Russian delegation.

Belgium alone held out on the section relating to the treatment to be given to the property of foreigners nationalized by the soviet government. This is a vital point in the proposals and has been stubbornly contested. France finally subscribed to the project proposed by Great Britain, whereby the use of the property will be restored wherever possible and in other cases compensation will be arranged through mixed arbitral tribunals.

Belgium stood firmly for the principle of restitution and went on record as protesting, declaring that the vested interests of Belgians in property in Russia amount to \$100,000,000, and that Belgians will never again invest in Russia unless restitution is made.

In the discussion relating to the treatment of foreigners, the administration of justice and the general liberty of foreigners to travel and engage in enterprises in Russia, it was decided to abandon those sections of the London experts' report which referred to certain measures whereby the immediate restoration of Russia would be facilitated. Among the provisions in this report thus given up was that requiring the consul of a foreign country to ratify the decision in a criminal case affecting the citizen of the consul's country before such decision could be carried out. The delegates agreed that such a measure would be a distinct violation of Russia's sovereignty.

Similarly it was agreed that the suggestion to insist upon exceptional treatment and protection for foreign workers in Russia and Russian workmen employed by foreign companies would be unjust in its operation and harmful to the liberty of the trades union movement, not only in Russia, but throughout the world.

Concerning the general question of treatment of the foreigners a paragraph was inserted setting forth that, inasmuch as proper restitution by Russia depends upon the re-establishment of freedom of movement and honest and equitable administration of justice, the Russian government promises to undertake the establishment of these conditions immediately.

Prime Minister Lloyd George announced to a committee of the Economic Conference that Russia was now ready to give back 90 per cent of seized property "in kind."

The Lawrence, Mass., city council has authorized the use of cast stone as a substitute for granite in trimming the addition to the high school building. It was stated that because of the strike in the granite yards of New England it was almost impossible to obtain quarried granite.

ECZEMA IN RASH ON CHILD'S CHIN

And Throat, Turned To Sore Eruptions, Itched and Burned. Cuticura Healed.

"When my little girl was two years old eczema broke out on her throat and chin in a rash which later turned to sore eruptions. It itched and burned and at night I had to tie cloth over her hands to keep her from scratching."

"The trouble lasted about five months. We began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and she was healed after using four cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. I. J. Marshall, 280 Second St., Albany, N. Y.

Use Cuticura for all toilet purposes. People Ask You to Tell Address: "Cuticura Soap and Ointment, Dept. N, P. O. Box 101, New York, N. Y." Send every-thing you want to know about Cuticura Soap and Ointment to this address.

Incorporated 1819

The Savings Bank of Newport

Newport, R. I.

INTEREST 4 1/2 PER CENT PER ANNUM

IT IS AN IMPORTANT DUTY

to provide for the welfare of yourself and family.

An account with The Industrial Trust Company gives the incentive to accumulate money.

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Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month, draws interest from the 1st of that month.

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CHOCOLATS A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods are Pure Absolutely

IT HAPPENED IN NEW ENGLAND

News of General Interest From the Six States

After nearly two years of confinement in the Northampton, Mass., State Hospital following the shooting of her cousin, Dr. Henry Zimmerman, Aug. 7, 1919, Miss Jennie Zimmerman calmly received the news that Gov. Cox had ordered her release on recommendation of the Council.

The charter right of the church to assess every taxpayer in the town for its support, was a right in which belief of its validity was expressed by Rev. Henry W. Maser when preaching the anniversary sermon of the First Congregational church, New Britain, Ct. Mr. Maser said that 164 years ago the Connecticut legislature issued the charter of the church which among rights, gave the church that of assessing every taxpayer in the town for support.

Massachusetts is losing large sums of money yearly in taxation through its failure to legalize reciprocal insurance contracts, according to Wallace D. Williams, who appeared before the House ways and means committee in support of the reciprocal insurance bill which has been favorably reported by the committee on Insurance. Reciprocal insurance, which allows merchants to protect their stocks beyond the limit which a fire insurance company may so under the law, is already recognized in 26 states.

According to a preliminary report that has just been issued by the Department of Commerce, through the Bureau of the Census, the total mortgage debt on owned homes and farms in the state of Vermont in 1920 was \$33,491,051 and the total value of these mortgaged homes and farms was \$87,025,283, the mortgage debt thus representing 38.5 per cent of the total value. Real estate, homes, tenant farms and farm estates are partly owned and partly mortgaged, it should be noted, are included in this report.

Edwin Newdick, Boston representative of the Labor Bureau, Inc., speaking before the monthly meeting of the Woman's Trade Union League at Boston, on "The Workers' Share in Prosperity and Depression," gave figures alleged to show that some of the mills involved in the present textile strike in New England averaged from 33 to 140 per cent profit per year on their capital stock.

Willbur H. Lawrence, aged 61, during 25 years up to 1900 an engineer employed by the Maine Central Railroad, was found dead in Lewiston, Me., a pet French bulldog dead at his side. A gunshot wound, pronounced accidental by the medical examiner, explained Lawrence's death, but it was some time before it was determined that the dog had been drowned by its owner.

Gov. Cox of Massachusetts speaking in New Bedford before the Moose Club, defended the proposed state control of penal and reform institutions, declaring that the measure was "not one destined to eliminate county control, but, rather, to evolve a system whereby inmates of the various reform schools and jails throughout the state will be educated through a general and standardized system of education."

UNEMPLOYED, GETTING HIGH

Swiss Workman in Baden Tunes His Dole into German Marks.

Karlsruhe.—How to build up a fortune on unemployment dole is told by a Swiss workman who lives at Karlsruhe.

He draws the dole, 10 Swiss francs a day, turns it into about 600 German marks, spends 100 marks on food and lodgings, and saves a clear 500 marks a day.

He has just bought a house for 49,000 marks.

CROKER DIES IN IRELAND

Tammany Boss Expires at Country Estate Near Dublin.

Dublin.—Richard Croker, formerly leader of Tammany Hall, New York, died at 3.30 o'clock Saturday afternoon at Glencalm Castle, Sandycove, a few miles from Dublin. His wife was at the bedside.

The former political leader spent the better part of the last ten or twelve years in Ireland, where he owned extensive estates, making occasional visits to the United States.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

LORNA DOONE

By R. D. BLACKMORE

Condensation by Katherine R. Markward, Allston, Mass.



Richard Doddridge Blackmore was born at Longworth, Berkshire, England, June 7, 1825. He was educated at Blundell's school, Tiverton, and at Exeter college, Oxford, where he obtained a scholarship. His first publication was a volume of poems which showed no particular promise, but he later wrote a number of successful and enthusiastic in his pursuit of literature. A complete breakdown in health rendered it necessary for him to leave city life in London, and he determined to combine a literary life in the country with a business career as a market-gardener.

He settled down in Teddington, and set earnestly to work. Several publications followed, the first novel being "Olivia Vaughan," the merits of which were promptly recognized. But it was in 1869 that he suddenly sprang into fame with "Lorna Doone." This story was one of the first in the revival of the romantic novel, and appearing, as it did, at a time when the reading public was waiting and ready for a work of this type, it was a great success, and pronounced a novel of "magical charm, vigor and imagination."

Though Blackmore wrote many other stories, none has reached the popular heart like "Lorna Doone," and he will be remembered chiefly as the author of this charming story, which is a classic of the west country. Many pilgrimages are made annually to the Doone valley, although the actual characteristics of the scene of the story differ greatly from the descriptions inspired by the lively imagination of the author. "Lorna Doone" is a truly outdoor story; at times it is very dramatic and picturesque and threaded with adventure.

Blackmore kept to his quiet country life to the last, and passed away at Teddington on Jan. 20, 1890.

IN EXMOOR in the county of Somerset, in the year of grace 1681, dwelt the outlawed Doones, who, huge and brutal, defied king and common, committed brazen robberies with impunity, and took refuge after every outrage in the well-known impregnable Glen Doone. On the nearby farm of Plover's Barrows dwelt John Ridd, a great limbed lad who had been summoned home from boarding school in his teens to learn that his father, a wealthy farmer, had been slain in a night raid by the Doones. John, blunt and honest, was kind to his mother and his two sisters, did his share of the farm work, and, as he grew to manhood, learned to ride a horse and shoot a blunderbuss with unfailing skill.

One day, while yet a boy, his fishing excursions in Bngworthy water led him to discover an entrance to Glen Doone, so secret, so remote that the robber band stationed no guard there, never dreaming that living soul would discover it. Following a little cascade, John emerged at last into a dell blooming with primroses and beheld with amazement a beautiful child of eight with hair like a black shower and eyes full of pity and wonder. Her name (pretty, like herself) was Lorna Doone and John often had her to his thoughts through the six years which followed. He was twenty then and Lorna fourteen, and already John Ridd knew that he loved her, that fate had decreed it so and that all the world was naught when weighed against this girl.

To be found in Doone valley spelled death for any man, but the thought of Lorna "light and white, nimble, smooth and elegant," filled John with yearning and lured him to the bazaar. Again and again he sought the maid in the primrose bower above the cascade and then one afternoon in the splendor of an April sunset John once more threw down the gauntlet which love ever casts at danger. To Lorna's tremulous, "You are mad to come; they will kill you if they find you here," John smiled and thought her fairer than the primroses which she stood. She lived in constant fear, she confessed, for the gigantic and passionate Carver Doone openly paid her homage and glowered with jealous eyes at any man who dared cast a glance at her.

"I care naught for him or his jealousy," cried John Ridd. "I have loved you long, as child, as comely girl, and now as full grown maiden. I love you more than tongue can tell or heart can hold in silence." Lorna raised her glorious eyes and, flinging her arms about his neck, cried, with her heart on his, "Darling, I shall never be my own again. I am yours forever and forever." But before she went she was in tears. "How dare I dream of love? Something in my heart tells me it can never be."

That fear of his beloved's spurred John to penetrate into Glen Doone one night at the risk of his life for word of Lorna. Once a guard leveled his gun at him but went off clinking at the thought that after all so huge a form could be only that of Carver Doone.

It was a real danger which threatened Lorna, for old Sir Ennor Doone, head of the robber crew, lay dying and he alone had been her protector against the brutal Carver. For John to play a desperate game and carry Lorna off would but invite the Doones to wreak revenge upon the countryside with fire and sword. At times he swore to smoke out this nest of rascals, but the timid farmers, threatened by their savagery, would promise no support.

Meanwhile an unparalleled winter

had set in. Day after day the snow fell steadily and, blown by the wind, almost smothered the low-curved cottages. Desperate for some word of Lorna, John made his way on snowshoes into the very heart of Glen Doone, unobserved in that feathery fog. John found Lorna's hamlet, stifled her exclamations of surprise with kisses, and felt his heart swell with anger on learning that she and her maid, Gwenny Carfax, were kept in confinement and deprived of food by order of Carver Doone until Lorna should consent to be his wife. Not for naught was John Ridd a giant—and in love. Throwing discretion to the winds he carried Lorna and Gwenny away upon his sledge that very night to the warm refuge of his mother's fireside.

The Doones, though so openly set at defiance, bided their time. With spring the roads were open and one moonlight night, with an arrogance worthy of Carver, they attacked Plover's Barrows in force. John Ridd, nothing daunted, defended his fireside and loved ones with spirit, meeting the attackers squarely with a handful of men and putting them to speedy flight. A murderous attack by the Doones was bad business enough, but to John's honest soul a worse trouble followed.

His Lorna was discovered to be no true Doone, but the niece of the great Lord Dugal, kidnapped as a child. To London and the protection of her noble uncle she was summoned, her heart as well as her lover's torn by the separation. The thought that he might never again behold his Lorna plunged him into misery.

"After all," he asked himself, "who am I but a simple farmer, who dares lift his eyes to the piece of an earl?"

But this was no time for repining, for the ill-starred rebellion of Monmouth flamed out, catching John Ridd, innocent though he was, in its tolls. But all came to a happy issue when John, summoned to London, frustrated the intended murder of Lord Dugal, captured the attackers, and turned them over for punishment to the terrible Lord Jeffreys. Events moved swiftly; his exploit made London ring, he was knighted by King James, and when the earl of Dugal died soon after, a well-directed bribe secured Jeffreys' permission to let Lorna, his ward in chancery, wed the redoubtable Sir John Ridd.

Back to Exmoor and Plover's Barrows went John Ridd, knight, to lead the farmers of the countryside who, infuriated by a new outrage committed by the Doones, took the law into their own hands and swept the robber stronghold clean with fire and sword. Only the scheming old "counselor" and his son, the brutal Carver, escaped a bloody death.

Now at last the great day dawned for John and Lorna and they made their way to the little country church to be wed while all the neighboring farmers came to applaud the event. Scarcely were the sacred words of the service pronounced when a shot rang through the church and Lorna, her dark eyes drooping, her wedding gown stained with blood, sank into her husband's arms. John Ridd never forgot the agony of that moment and yet he seemed strangely calm. Only Carver Doone could have done this dastardly deed and as John dashed off in hot pursuit he swore that the world was too narrow a place to harbor him and his enemy another day. For Carver on his hated horse there was no escape. His pistol missed fire, and at last in a narrow dell flanked by a wood and a stretch of bog the two men came to grips. They spoke little and that grim duel was fought with neither knife nor pistol but body to body as became two giants.

John felt a lower rib crack beneath Carver's terrible embrace, but his iron hand ripped the muscles of his assailant's arm from the bone like an orange pulp and he flung him, crushed and bleeding, upon the ground. In an instant the black lips of the bog fastened upon Carver's huge limbs, swiftly, silently, and John Ridd had scarce time to get his own feet upon firm soil before his enemy was sucked down into those grim depths, his face distorted with agony, but his quivering lips uttering no sound.

Love's true course does not always run a-ry and both John and Lorna recovered, he to worship her and she to assure him through the serene years with eyes and lips all eloquent: "I love you, John Ridd."

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Sumatra at a Standstill.
The rubber plantations and tobacco fields of Sumatra are of greatest importance in the island. In addition, Liberian coffee thrives under the protection of vast coco-palm groves. Ten-foot pepper vines climb thickly up the trunks of small trees, and dead forests of teakwood, planted in even rows, overhang and shade the road.

With rich alluvial soil, unfailing rainfall and tremendous natural resources, only the lack of labor and the deterrent influence of warring tribes has held Sumatra practically at a standstill.

However, Most Men Do.

When a girl pins a flower on a man's coat she always tells her chin up and looks at it sideways—and the man who doesn't take a tumble is too slow to lead a funeral procession.

Missouri Wisdom.

When a man's wife asks him a question in a voice that reveals off on a high key he knows that she knows the answer without his replying.—Mexico Ledger.

Who Called Her a Patient?

A New York woman horsewhipped her dentist because she did not like the work he did for her. A patient out of patience as it were.

Ha! Ha! April Fool

By LILY MOORE

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"Say, pop, we've thought of more'n a dozen ways to April fool 'em. Can you tell us some more?"
"Eh, what's that? No, I'm busy, but you boys go slow now; don't do anything to hurt or annoy folks; remember, Benny," warned Mr. Miles, without looking up to see what they were up to.

"He's busy; you sign his name; he won't care," declared his eight-year-old son, so Harold Brown, the co-conspirator, wrote the letter and signed Mr. John Miles, as Benny directed.

Mr. Miles was finally aroused to attention by snatches of conversation: "Say, Ben, what'd you do if your pop brought you a step-mother some day?"
"Aw, I'd not stand it; I'd run away. No woman could boss me around like Skinny Smith's stepmother does him. I'd tell pop so, too," declared Benny largely.

"You no' your pop must have an awful time here; everything you want—"

"Yes," hesitated Benny. He had been warned that day if he brought a dog into the house again his father would have to pay damages. "Yes, mostly, but a feller can't do much but girl-baby play in this sort of place; desent play the Victrola only when the cross old hens—"

"Benjamin!" exclaimed his father, "are you speaking of the ladies across the hall? Have you forgotten how good they were when you were sick?"
Mr. Miles sympathized with Benny as much as he dared and do a father's judicial duty. So when the boys asked permission to go outdoors he granted it without asking where, merely saying that Benny must be back promptly in an hour. So they posted their April fool letters.

"Two that were to cause consternation in two households were to Miss Charity Marchand, who lived at the edge of town in a beautiful cottage,



John Was Vindicated.

surrounded on all sides by a stone wall covered with vines and flanked with rows of evergreens. The iron gates in front were screened so very few children ever saw inside her inclosure.

She was destined to receive at least two letters on the first day of April. One signed by John Miles, asking her to marry him, the other simply said: "Ha! ha! April fool." Each was delivered according to schedule.

When the first arrived Miss Marchand read it over and over, then opened a secret drawer in her desk and drew forth another letter signed John Miles, dated almost ten years earlier. Only two people knew that John Miles had proposed to Charity Marchand for the letter had been many years on its way. When first delivered at the Marchand home it was thrown on an old walnut secretary and dropping behind the sliding top remained there till a second hand furniture dealer found it and sent it to its owner.

All those years Charity thought herself jilted, and John, sure that he was flouted, married another. The letter only reached her within the week and she made up her mind that no one should ever know.

Now, however, she was supremely happy. John was vindicated, she would write him at once, though she did think he might have made this proposal more like his first, which was to his "Darling Chatty," reciting his love. He asked her to meet him that evening at church as he would be too late to call for her. She did not go to church, but waited for him to call. What a tangled web life was to be sure!

She drew her writing materials to her, and in her sweet and modest way told him how the old letter had arrived, also his second proposal. She supposed he had forgotten her, but if he would come that evening they would talk things over and see if they still cared for each other, as they once had. She would not risk it to the mail, but called a messenger and soon her reply was in John Miles' hand. "Any answer?" he asked mechanically.

"No, sir, I guess not; Miss Marchand didn't say so," replied the boy.

"Miss Marchand?" Mr. Miles waved him away and opened the letter. He read it over, spread the two dainty sheets on his desk, bending over them

as if solving a puzzle. Benny and Harold's conversation came to mind. "Benny!" he called. His momentary rage was chased away by a happy smile—should Benny be chastised or canonized?
"What did you boys do with your April foolishness? Write any letters?"
"A few," admitted Benny, searching his father's non-committal face. "Why, pop?"
"To Miss Marchand?" asked his father, with an effort smothering his desire to laugh like a boy, "and who else?"

"That's all we signed your name to 'cept the washwoman, tellin' her she'd lost our shirts, but I called her on the phone and told her April fool. Miss Marchand knows by now that it was only April fool for she's got the other one," explained Benny casually. His father gripped him by the shoulders and, in a voice that made Benny tremble, demanded, "What other letter?"

"Why the one that said 'Ha! Ha! April fool!'" whispered Benny.

John Miles never punished in haste. He pushed Benny out of his room and shut the door. "Of all the lumps of Satan commend me to a boy! Poor, dear Chatty—I wonder if I can beat the postman out there?" Seizing his hat he hurried out, stumbling over the pent, frightened Benny. Hostile at an instant he took his hand. "Come, son, we've got to undo the mischief you young rascals did."

On the way out Benny was left to his anxious thoughts. Arrived at their destination, he was told to sit on a bench in the yard till called, and his father instantly rang the bell. To the maid, who denied him admission, declaring that Miss Marchand could see no one, he said, "Please tell Miss Marchand it is John Miles and I shall remain till I see her."

After a cruel wait a little rustle announced her coming. He sprang up, advancing to meet her. She had been crying. "Ah," he said, pitifully, "you poor darling; then you did get that horrible letter," and despite her efforts to prevent it he took her in his arms and she sobbed on his shoulder.

"I was so—so ashamed—John, to think I was in such a hurry to accept," and she hid her face, crying pitifully. He petted her, kissing the tumbled hair. The blundering years fell away; they were young. He assured her that he was only waiting these five years to get enough courage to ask her and the lumps of boys precipitated the matter. "The culprit is out of doors, sweetheart, what shall we do with him?"

"The Angel! Bring him in!" declared Chatty happily.

So Benny was called in and presented to Miss Marchand, his friend, the lady with whom he might live some day if they grew to like each other. Then he was taken into the yard and introduced to more pets than he had ever seen together. A wonderful cocker spaniel, kittens, chickens and a real talking parrot.

"Say, pop," Benny whispered, long after he had been told to go to sleep and not utter another sound till morning, "don't you suppose we could move out there tomorrow. Sattidy—there's no school."

"What, and be bossed by a step-mother?" chuckled his father.

"Aw, shucks, pop, she ain't a step-mother, she's nice enough to be a feller's real mother if she had a chance. An' ain't she pretty?" Sighing contentedly, he dropped off to sleep, to dream of the happy days they were all to have in the Marchand cottage.

MOUNTAINS FLOAT ON EARTH

Scientific Research Has Proved Fact Which Will Be a Surprise to Many Readers.

Mountains float. Cubic yard for cubic yard, mountains weigh less, not more, than the valleys. The mountains are held up by the lighter material of the earth's crust floating under them. This has been proved by researches conducted by the division of geodesy of the coast and geodetic survey.

It has been found that the earth's crust is about sixty miles in thickness and near that depth, probably below, the material of the earth is yielding to forces which act for long times.

The earth's crust floats on this yielding material. If the earth's crust were cut into blocks by vertical planes, with the base of each block at a depth of 60 miles below sea level, and the area of the bases of the blocks were the same and as large as 100 miles square, these blocks would weigh the same.

There is no tendency for the mountain masses to break down through the earth's crust, as they are not extra loads. They are like the portions of icebergs projecting out of water, which are held up by the ice which is below or in the water. The iceberg floats and so does the mountain.

The Stumbling Block.

"I wish we could take that pretty boulevard apartment," declared Mrs. Moderne after a wearisome hunt for a new home. "It's a shame that children and dogs aren't allowed."

"Well, we might arrange to have Teddy put into a home or asylum of some sort," suggested Mr. Moderne. "Yes, I imagine that might easily be arranged. But what about Fido and Teetie?"—Detroit Free Press.

How Sea Changes Color.

An even sea of rich blue will be reflected in the water below. A gray sky means grayish water. Rocks, sand, and seaweed also play their parts. When the sea laps yellow sand beneath a blue sky, we get varying shades of green in the water, for green is formed with yellow and blue. It's the same when the water flows over many rocks and much seaweed. Similar answers will be found for other hues.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

MEN DO "REFORM"

"Rake" Said Frequently to Make Good Husband.

Not Every One Who Has Gown His Wild Oats Before Marriage Continues the Practice.

Although it was stated at the church congress at Birmingham that "the reformed rake never was and never will be a good husband," there are folk who hold an opposite opinion.

Elizabeth Ann does. She married a reformed rake, and we were all aware of her dubious experiment. We have also watched it with interest. But to the outside world Elizabeth Ann's husband appears to be all that he should be.

Certainly he is no longer a rake, although he was known as one before marriage. But is he a good husband? I have been asking Elizabeth Ann, a London Answers writer states.

Now, Elizabeth Ann is a very common-sense person. She doesn't, for instance, believe that every man must at some time sow his wild oats and that if he doesn't sow them before marriage he will do so after. She married her reformed rake because she loved him and believed in him.

Maybe she'd still have married him, had no reformation taken place—having a woman's usual faith in her powers as a reformer. But this by the way.

Her theory today is that the man who has tasted to the full of worldly pleasures and has turned from them, has found out the hollow mockery of them. For him they have lost their appeal. He is unlikely to go back to the things which formerly drew him, so long as he is happy.

Elizabeth Ann has set herself the task of keeping her man happy in life's simpler joys. In the ties of her, herself, and their child, she places her faith. And she does not believe that faith will ever be shattered.

"Tim appreciates home life," she told me. "He is getting more real pleasure out of the rose garden and his pond we are making than he ever derived from one of his riotous evenings. The perspective of his mind has altered and he'll never go back to his old wild ways."

This, as a reformed rake, makes a good husband. Is he an exception?

When one probes into the reasons why some men become rakes one finds that real wickedness is not always the driving power. There is good and evil in every man, and the victory of the one or the other hinges on many things. Many a so-called rake is not a rake at heart. He becomes so through environment and lack of thought. And it is that sort of rake who, reformed, can become a good husband. Your thoroughly bad character does not reform.

Society is willing to recognize true reformation in a man, and has but a short memory for his past sins. Women marry reformed rakes every day.

But Elizabeth Ann made a little confession. "There's one thing about Tim," she said. "He never wants to go anywhere or do anything such as the average husband would expect to go and do with his bride. He is bored by many things that would thrill me. Having got tired of life's pleasures, they hold no attraction for him now. So I have to content myself with home life, and leave the giddy whirl alone. That is the price I must pay for having a husband who was once a rake."

And many women who marry reformed rakes have to face this condition. But most of them fulfill it willingly, finding it worth while.

Business Block Church Project.

Church architecture and ideas have received a new turn by the action of the congregation of the First Baptist church at Asheville, N. C. It is the purpose to erect at a cost of \$550,000 an eight-story building on the church property in the downtown section. The new church building would provide swimming pools, basketball courts, reading rooms and baths in the basement. The main church auditorium would be on the ground floor, while the second floor would be given over to a modern Sunday school system. The remaining stories would be converted into business offices, the rental from which would provide sufficient revenue to meet the financial needs of the church.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Flappers' Skirts Worth \$1 an Inch.

The favorite skirt was fairly rational, according to his two nieces, who were of the flapper age, about everything except the matter of skirts. Here he had foolish objections to brevity. And the uncle had ways of enforcing his opinion.

"You know what that man (dill) said one of the girls to a chum. 'When Judith and I came down to dinner he asked mother for a tape measure. Said he was going to give us a dollar for each inch in our skirts. We're both the same size, but Ruth's was longer, just by chance, and she got \$3 more than I did. Next time he comes I'm going to wear a train.'"—Chicago Journal.

Two Sorts of Contagion.

Diseases are not the only things that are contagious. Kindness is contagious; many integrity is contagious; all the positive virtues, with real red blood in their veins, are contagious.—Henry VanDyke.

An Eel Mystery.

How the baby eels which push up the river from their birthplace in the depths of the ocean circumvent the falls of the Rhine and even Niagara falls is a puzzle science has so far been unable to solve.

True Greatness.

He only is great who has the habits of greatness; who, after performing what none in ten thousand could accomplish, passes on like Samson, and "tells neither father nor mother of it."—Lavater.

MAGNIFICENT WORK OF ART

Papal Tiara, With Its Wealth of Jewels, Is by Far the Most Costly Earthly Crown.

The papal tiara worn by Pius XI is a magnificent sample of the goldsmith's and jeweler's work. It is formed on a basis of very fine felt covered with a kind of silver mesh on which there are three crowns. Each of these consists of a good band of extremely light construction, set with jewels and edged with two rows of pearls. There are 90 pearls in each row, making 540 pearls in all.

The first crown is, in addition to the pearls, adorned in the order given with 18 rubies, three emeralds, a hyacinth, an aquamarine, three rubies, a sapphire and eight gold points with five garnets and two balas rubies. The second crown has ten emeralds, eight balas rubies, one chrysolite, two aquamarines, six small rubies and three sapphires.

In the third are 18 small balas rubies, three larger balas rubies, four sapphires, three hyacinths, three aquamarines, one garnet, eight gold floral ornaments each with two emeralds, one balas ruby, a chrysolite and eight gold points, each adorned with a garnet.

The top of the tiara is covered with a layer of thin gold, in which there are set eight rubies and eight emeralds. This gold covering is surmounted by a golden globe enameled in blue, on top of which is a cross composed of eleven brilliants. Finally the fanions of the tiara, which bear the arms of the papal pontiff, are adorned with topazes, emeralds and other jewels.

Altogether, without reckoning the six rows of valuable pearls, there are 148 jewels of various colors and eleven brilliants.

Petroleum Long in Use.

"The discovery of oil," "The first discovery of oil," "The discovery of petroleum" and "Before the discovery of petroleum" are phrases frequently encountered. If a man speaks of the discovery or finding of oil in the Geyser Gush district of Spouter county he is within his rights, but petroleum was known to ancient man as far back in the world's time as records of stone, baked clay and papyrus go, says a New York Sun writer.

And petroleum in the United States was known to the Indians from the beginning of Indian times, but how long Indians had been in the United States before the coming of the pale faces no man knows. That race or those races, which lived in the United States before the Indians knew crude oil. "Before the discovery of petroleum" is a big order.

Ancient man not only knew it, but used it as an illuminant. Bitumen was used in building the tower of Babel, though in the Old Testament the translators have rendered it as "pitch." Thousands of years before Christ the masons of Babylon, Nineveh, Chaldea and all the rest used petroleum in seal-liquid form in bonding or cementing the bricks that went into the walls of palaces, temples and tombs. It was used in building the pyramids.

Ancient Family Tree of the Cat.

A family history, that goes back to remote antiquity in Egypt is the boast of the common tabby cat. Its ancestors were welcome guests in the temples of Bubastis and Heliopolis on the Nile, and were considered so sacred that when they died their bodies were placed in carved and painted mummy cases. Hundreds of these may be seen at the present day in the collection near Boulak, Cairo.

The name "tabby," used always for the short-haired variety that is most common both in Europe and in America, comes from the same source as the word "tuffets," and refers to the markings of color on the coat. Both came from a trading town in Bagdad, by Ahtab, which was a center of caravan trade.

A few of these short-haired pussy-cats as well as long-haired Persians were brought along in Arabian caravans because they were suitable to merchants who bought spices and brocades, and the fine moure or watered silk that was called the silk of Ahtab, or tabby and taffety. English writers as late as the Seventeenth century, refer to "tabby vests" of silk.

Engineering Triumph.

The costliest theater in the world nearing completion, says the Mentor Magazine. It is the National theater of Mexico at Mexico City, which will cost approximately \$20,000,000. This huge structure presented its builders with an engineering puzzle that has finally been solved. The whole City of Mexico is on the site of an ancient lake. Usually foundations are omitted from Mexican buildings and their place taken by a thin layer of concrete and steel, which extends for a considerable distance around the building. Regular foundations were laid for the theater, re-enforced with girders. They started to disappear before the superstructure was erected. This has now been remedied.

Women Police in China.

Chinese women police are said to be the latest addition to the force of Peking, which has the reputation of being exceptionally good and easily comparable with police forces in the cities of foreign countries. It was found that in the Hatamen "Octroi" goods were being augmented past the police by women. In order to cope with the situation the ranks of the police in Peking district were augmented by ten policewomen. No report has yet been issued as to the success of this experiment, which marks the opening of a new field of work for the women of China.

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HOW

EARTH'S MOTION MAY BE DEMONSTRATED IN HOME.

With a bowl of water and some powdered resin one may observe the earth's motion. Select a room that is fairly free from vibration. Then obtain a good-sized bowl or tub a foot or more in diameter and rather deep, and nearly fill it with water. Place this on the floor of the room in such a position that it need not be disturbed for some hours. Get some finely powdered resin and sprinkle a coating of this on the water. Any fine substance that would float and not be dissolved for some hours would do as well.

Next secure a little coal dust and sprinkle some on the top of the resin in a straight line from the center to the circumference. Carry this line up over the rim of the bowl, and make it broad enough to be clearly seen—say about an inch in width. The bowl may now be left for several hours, at the end of which time it will be noticed that an interesting thing has happened. It will be seen, writes S. Leonard Bassett in the Scientific American, that the line of the surface of the water has changed its position and that it no longer meets that which runs up over the rim of the bowl. As a matter of fact the black line on the surface of the water has swept around from east to west.

What has happened is this: The water in the bowl has stood still throughout the time which it has been left, while the vessel itself has been carried around by the motion of the earth from west to east. Another way of putting it is that the earth has swung around through a considerable arc from west to east, leaving the water quite stationary.

BUTTS OF ALLEGED "WITS"

Why Red-Headed People Are Generally Afflicted With Notoriously Short Tempers.

Commenting on a discussion at the British association of "Why are red-haired people short-tempered," William Rufus writes in a London weekly: Red-haired men are goaded into short-temperedness between the ages of six and sixteen. At that age the character is very plastic; and bad temper becomes part of the developed character which remains until the red hair turns white and falls out. But why blame the children? Music hall (alleged) comedians plagued my life out at twenty-five with their offensive "Ginger, you're barmy!" "Captain Plough," and similar inanities which came as muzzles to urinals in the street. I am positive that my earliest personal recollections are of listening in a kind of uncomprehending amazement to a crowd of other children shouting "Yah! Carrots!" Sometimes the incentive was varied to "Hi, Ruddy!" Who stayed out all night in the rain? My brothers, in our bellicose moments of marble strife and postage-stamp warfare, always took my last trench with "Glugger!" My schoolmaster could always make the whole class roar with laughter by smilingly saying, "What! In trouble again, Master Relpoll? Hold out your hand!"

Why Villa Is Contented.

Francisco Villa is to have more land added to his already large ranch, or collection of ranches. He is to have a slice off the San Isidro ranch in Chihuahua and another slice off El Salvador ranch in Durango. These are to be divided up among the men who have remained with Villa since his old fighting days. These he has trained to be as good farmers as they were fighters; and the proposal now is to give each man who has shown intelligence and ability to take care of himself a small farm of his own. All these farms will be under the control of Villa, just as the land previously conceded to him is directly under his management, although he has more than 500 men on Canutillo ranch. This proposed addition to Villa's ranch contains several thousand acres.—Mexico Correspondence. Chicago Tribune.

How Desert Conditions Arise.

Desert conditions arise in any region in which the rainfall is markedly less than the amount of water that evaporates from the surface. As the amount of evaporation naturally increases from the polar regions toward the tropics and is affected by winds and elevation, it follows that no arbitrary amount of rainfall may be designated as an invariable cause or accompaniment of arid or desert conditions.

Thus in certain portions of the tropics a rainfall less than 70 inches results in aridity, while some of the most fertile agricultural districts in the north and south temperate zones receive scarcely one-third this amount.—New York Herald.

WHY

Name "Devil Fish" Is Appropriate for Sea Monster

Many authors have written thrilling descriptions of the devil fish, and although scientists declare that usually these accounts are exaggerated, they admit that the creature has many curious features.

The devil fish varies in length from 1 inch to 50 feet, but very few specimens of the largest kind have been found, and none of these was in perfect condition owing to the fierce attacks of whales and other monsters of the deep.

They are provided with sucker arms or tentacles, with which they catch the small fish on which they live. These arms are tremendously strong, and, in addition, the devil fish is armed with a sharp parrotlike beak. In spite of these formidable weapons, however, the creatures, while cruel, are very timid and easily cowed, says a writer in London Times.

The smaller devil fish swim in shoals, and as they move they change their color according to their surroundings. They have another device which enables them to escape when hard pressed. This is the ink bag, by means of which they can pour out a dark fluid which makes the sea around them thick and cloudy.

In appearance the devil fish is a lonesome creature, for its long, writhing arms and fixed, stony stare are terrifying in the extreme.

Besides being able to swim, it can crawl along the sea bottom on its feelers. It lies in some crack in the rocks and as soon as a fish passes its hiding place its feelers shoot out with amazing speed. Once the suckers have touched the victim there is no escape, and it is drawn quickly into the great mouth.

BURROUGHS NEVER A "MIXER"

Why Great Naturalist Preferred the Current of His Own Thoughts to Any Company.

I was an odd one, but I shared all the family infirmities. In fact, I have always been an odd one amid most of my human relations in life. Place me in a miscellaneous gathering of men, and I separate from them or they from me, like oil from water.

I do not mix readily with my fellows. I am not conscious of drawing into my shell, as the saying is, but I am conscious of a certain strain put upon me by those about me. I suppose my shell or my skin is too thin. Burroughs experimented with walnuts, trying to produce one with a thin shell, till he finally produced one with so thin a shell that the birds ate it up. Well, the birds eat me up for the same reason, if I don't look out.

I am social, but not gregarious. I do not thrive in clubs, I do not smoke, or tell stories, or drink, or dispute, or keep late hours. I am usually as solitary as a bird of prey, though I trust not for the same reason. I love so much to float on the current of my own thoughts, I mix better with farmers, workers, and country people generally, than with professional or business men.

Birds of a feather do flock together, and if we do not feel at ease in our company we may be sure we are in the wrong flock.—John Burroughs in Harper's Magazine.

How Air Specimens Are Secured.

The instrument used by a French scientist for collecting specimens of air at high altitudes with the aid of sounding balloons consists of a very perfect vacuum tube with a finely drawn out end. Either the rise of the mercury in a barometer, corresponding with a previously determined altitude, or the clockwork of the meteorograph, form an electric contact, causing a little hammer to fall and break the end of the tube. Air then rushes in, whereupon another electric contact, brought about by the same means, causes the current of a small accumulator to heat the platinum wire wound around the capillary tube to a red heat. This fuses the glass and again closes the end of the vacuum tube, thus entrapping the air.

Why Termed Eavesdropper.

Everybody knows, of course, that eavesdropping means the practice of stealthily trying to overhear other persons' conversation. The origin of the phrase lends us back to the beginnings of the laws of real estate.

According to the old Saxon code no one owning land could cultivate it or build on it within a certain fixed distance of its boundary. Here we have the start of what today we call "restriction."

The strip thus left was called the "eavesdrop." An "eavesdropper" or "eavesdropper" was one who stood in the "eavesdrop" to listen to a conversation inside the neighboring dwelling.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Why the Sea Is Salt.

The sea is salt because all the rivers in the world are carrying salt from the rocks and the soil to the ocean and leaving it there. The water is evaporated by the sun, but the salt remains behind, and so the ocean is becoming more salt as the years go on. Some lakes and seas are in like condition, as witness the Dead Sea in Palestine, which is very salty, because the River Jordan carries salt into it, but there is no river flowing out of it, and the salt keeps gathering all the time.

Why It Is Called "Penknife."

Our ancestors, when they wanted to write, used goose-quills, which had to be sharpened from time to time as they wore away. Hence clerks and other writers carried small knives, which became known as penknives.

Origin of Pews.

The origin of pews for the use of worshippers may be traced back to the time of the Norman nobles. In those days the ordinary church-goer sat on a three-legged stool, while the lords of the land enjoyed a back when at their devotions.

WEEDS AND BUGS DESTROY CROPS

Best Time to Kill Garden Enemies Is Before They Appear in the Spring.

CULTIVATION IS GREAT AID

Cutworms, Potato Bugs, Flea Beetles and Plant Lice Are Most Troublesome Insects—Some Excellent Control Measures.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Weeds and insects are garden enemies, and the time to kill both is before they appear.

Careful sifting of the soil destroys the little weed seedlings just after the seeds have sprouted. Likewise, cultivation keeps the garden in such shape that insects do not find a hiding place, and are not so liable to injure the garden crops. However, insects are almost sure to attack certain of the garden crops and it will be necessary to take precautions against them. Cutworms, potato bugs, flea beetles, and plant lice are the most troublesome garden insects. Do not give them a chance to get started.

The common cutworm does its work during the night, cutting off the plants just below the surface of the soil within a day or two after they are set in the garden. One of the best ways to prevent this injury is to surround the stem plant with a tube made of stiff paper or light cardboard, extending an inch or so below the ground and two or three inches above. These collars, or cutworm protectors, can be removed after the danger of injury is past—generally not until about 30 days after the plants are set in the ground.

When Potato Bugs Appear.

The old-fashioned Colorado potato beetle, or "hard shells," come out of the ground usually when the potatoes are about four or five inches high. These beetles themselves do not do a great amount of harm except that they lay clusters of yellow eggs on the under side of the potato leaves.



One of the Best Known, But Not Altogether Reliable Ways of Bugging Potatoes.

der side of the potato leaves. In a few days these eggs hatch into soft-shell beetles or slugs as they are sometimes called. In the soft shell, or slug form the potato beetle has an enormous appetite and a colony of them will soon strip the foliage from a hill of potatoes.

Hand picking is perhaps the best method of getting rid of the hard-shell beetles. They may be killed by either crushing them or dropping them into boiling water. The slugs or soft-shell beetles cannot be gathered to so good advantage, but they may be poisoned by sprinkling the plants, while the dew is upon them, with a mixture consisting of a heaping teaspoonful of paris green to a pint of air-slaked lime or land plaster. The easiest method of applying the mixture is to place it in a cheese cloth or thin burlap bag and dust the plants by shaking the bag directly over them. It is not necessary to apply the poison to all the plants, but only where the bugs have made their appearance. The plants should be inspected every day or two to see that the bugs are not getting a start.

Flea Beetles Eat Holes.

Flea beetles are small insects that eat round holes similar to shot holes in the leaves of beans, tomatoes, and a number of other garden crops. They can be poisoned with the mixture of paris green and lime referred to for potato beetles, or they can be driven away by dusting the plants with fine road dust, air-slaked lime, or with very dry, powdery, sifted coal ashes.

Plant lice are more difficult to control, as they do not eat the leaves, but stick their beaks into the leaves and suck the juices. They are rather difficult to control, as they are found mainly on the under side of the leaves. One remedy is to spray with some form of tobacco extract or nicotine sulphate, using about one teaspoonful in a gallon of water in which there has previously been dissolved a one-inch cube of laundry soap. The mixture should be thoroughly stirred and applied underneath the leaves especially, using some form of sprayer or atomizer that will create a fine mist. If the gardener finds some insect with which he is not acquainted, he should write to the extension division of his state college of agriculture.

Village Chest.

"Talk about being behind the times!" snorted Josh, as he unwrapped a 40-cent shirt he had bought at the village store. "This piece of goods is way out of date, and what's more, the newspaper it was done up in is two years old and ain't worth readin'!"—American Legion.

WILD BIRDS DESTROY INJURIOUS INSECTS

Worth at Least \$400,000 Annually to Farmers.

Establishment of Community Refuges Throughout Country Is an Increase—Useful Suggestions Given in Bulletin.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The work of wild birds in the destruction of injurious insects is worth at least \$400,000,000 annually to the American farmer and horticulturist, and in recognition of their valuable aid and charm, and to encourage their presence, the establishment of community bird refuges throughout the country, on farms, bird preserves, and elsewhere, is increasing. Useful suggestions for the establishment and maintenance of community bird refuges are contained in Farmers' Bulletin 1239, issued by the United States Department of Agriculture, a copy of which



The Blackbird's Colon of Vantage.

may be obtained free from the department at Washington, D. C.

"On the average there are in the United States only about two birds to the acre, but where they are protected and encouraged it has been demonstrated that a very great increase over the normal bird population can be secured. No fewer than 60 pairs to the acre is the number reached in the most successful of these attempts reported. Valuing the services of birds at 10 cents each—an estimate ridiculously low, but used to insure a safe minimum—the birds of the United States prevent an increase in the annual damage done by insects of more than \$400,000,000.

"A particular farm may not have so large a bird population as it should, and therefore may not be deriving the benefit which is its due. The most effective means of increasing the number of birds is protection, and protection in its best sense is afforded by the establishment of bird refuges."

A bird refuge may be established in a small way on a farm or through a co-operative bird preserve. In the latter case, the plan has proved popular and successful as a means of establishing colonies of game birds, such as pheasants.

"In creating a useful bird refuge," says the bulletin, "the first step is to insure adequate protection against all bird enemies; the second, to see that plenty of nesting sites suited to the needs of the various birds are available; and the third, to improve food and water supplies, if necessary." Bird refuges also may be established along roadways and right-of-ways, with particularly attractive and beneficial results.

"Hardly an agricultural pest escapes the attacks of birds," says the bulletin. "The alfalfa weevil has 45 different bird enemies; the army worm, 48; billbugs, 67; cotton boll-weevil, 60; brown-tail moth, 31; chestnut weevil, 64; chinich bug, 24; clover-root borer, 55; clover weevil, 25; codling moth, 38; cotton worm, 41; cutworms, 68; forest tent caterpillar, 32; gipsy moth, 46; horned caterpillar, 43; potato beetle, 25; rice weevil, 21; seventeen-year locust, 38; twelve-spotted cucumber beetle, 28; white grubs, 67, and wireworms, 168."

PREPARE SOIL FOR GARDENS

Work Should Begin as Soon as Conditions Will Permit—Cultivate to Conserve Moisture.

In order to have a good garden it is well to prepare the land as soon as the soil conditions will permit, by first plowing the entire area to a depth of 8 to 10 inches, applying stable manure broadcast and harrowing thoroughly until perfect seedbed is formed. The surface of the unplanted as well as the planted land should be cultivated in order to conserve moisture.

ALSIKE CLOVER FOR FORAGE

Grass Is Particularly Well Adapted for Low, Poorly Drained Soil—It Adds Variety.

Alsike clover is especially well adapted for low, poorly drained land on which common red clover refuses to grow to advantage. It does not yield as much forage as red clover on soils that are well adapted for the latter, and, therefore, should not be grown in such places. It should, however, enter into every pasture mixture for no other reason than to add variety.

Melba Couldn't Do It.

The latest Melba yarn has it that the songbird turned up unexpectedly at a charity cafe-chaunt, and the hon. organizer in doing the amiable nearly fell over herself. "Everyone wants to hear you sing badly," she bubbled. "Then they won't," said the dame, "because I can't."

CHECKS IN FAVOR

Many Kinds of Weaves Ready for the New Season.

Outfit Requires Belt, and Paris Often Advocates the Use of Three, Writer Says.

Surely it's a checkered spring. There are checks in woven block patterns, and checks made by single barred lines. There are tiny checks, big checks, in-between checks. Some checks show two colors, others three, and then again there are the more subdued one-color fabrics where the weave makes the check. You may use the checks on the bias or on the straight; but use them you must, for something checked you should have if you want to look smart this spring.

Besides the French volles checked in eponge, there are others in woven block checks in color combinations so attractive—copper and beige, or strawberry and cream. Then there are the smaller, daintier checks of rose and white, Harding blue and tan, lemon yellow and gray. They all make the prettiest of frocks and require but little trimming. Sometimes a belt is all that is necessary; but to get the smart effect the belt must be dropped low, often as low as the hips. And Paris is advocating not only one belt, but often three, wears a writer in the Woman's Home Companion.

Simple slip-on dresses of checked Japanese crepe are too smart for anything, worn with hints of the crepe in



Black and White Check.

the same checked pattern. Or if not an all-checked but, then perhaps one of the new, cute little poke shapes. It may be of white pineapple straw with the checked note introduced in two or three cotton blouse or gingham flowers.

THE TAILORED STREET FROCK

Interesting Fabric Combination Is Featured in Winsome Frocks for Spring Wear.

An interesting fabric combination is featured in a tailored street frock for spring. The dress is of navy canton crepe, with waistline a trifle lower than the normal waist, a straight, slightly gathered skirt and full-length flaring sleeves. It is trimmed with a lighter blue duvetyne which forms narrow side panels, each panel approximately three inches wide. The lighter blue duvetyne also binds the wide bateau neck and the sleeves. These sleeves are slashed from wrist to shoulder, and the duvetyne binding extends around every edge. A line embroidery in red appears just inside of the duvetyne binding, and the panels are embroidered in red.

This dress is sufficiently different to be noticeable, but it is conservative, and the type of frock that a well-dressed woman who is not interested in frock styles or bizarre effects would wear.

Incidentally, the use of duvetyne or other heavy fabric as a trimming for a sheer material may come as an acceptable suggestion to the woman who is making over a last season gown.

The duvetyne panels on the dress are two or three inches longer than the skirt proper, and the ends are folded under as a finish.

The continued vogue of crepe weaves of all sorts is one of the present season fashion points, with unusual fabric and color combinations also noticeable. A wool fabric frock may be trimmed with organdie, a heavy silk, such as faille, with handkerchief linen, and a sheer silk may find a fabric such as duvetyne a desirable selection as a trimming touch.

Crepe Tub Frocks.

Cotton crepe is being used for tub frocks for small children, and there is a rage for natural color ponce. Wool jersey is playing an increasingly strong role in the development of dresses for small girls, one smart little model recently seen being made dressy by having an accordion-plaited skirt bound all around with a narrow silk band in contrasting color.

Of Beauty and Glends.

"Shakespeare's most famous poem," wrote a schoolboy, "was 'Venus and Adonis.'"—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

GRAY FOX FURS FOR SUMMER



The summer fur is the most important feature of midday's wardrobe, and this gray fox bids fair to lead the race in popularity.

PAINT OR STAIN THE WALLS

Guardians of Health Assert That Paper Retains Vermin and Disease Germs.

Many physicians and sanitarians contend that it is susceptible of proof that certain wall conditions are detrimental to health. They claim that materials pasted on the wall with the vegetable pastes, used for the purpose, may harbor not only vermin, but disease germs. They contend that many of the ills, particularly of children, come from unsanitary wall conditions.

They set forth instances where contagious diseases have been communicated a long time after the rooms were occupied by the diseased party and when the paper was being removed from the wall.

If these things are true, and we have it on good authority that they are, the painting or coloring of walls would seem to be a matter of good judgment on the part of the property owner.

AN EASY WAY TO COLOR LACE

Yellow Ochre Serves Satisfactorily in the Dry Cleaning of Various Articles.

White lace, net, tulle, or anything of similar texture, can quickly be transformed into a cream-white or the fashionable yellow shade in a very simple way. It being a dry method the lace loses none of its newness, and the most delicate lace may be subjected to this treatment without harm.

Put a quantity of ochre (yellow) in a box or paper bag, drop the material inside, and shake the box until the powder has sufficiently tinted the lace. After removing the material, shake out any superfluous powder. If a pale tint is wanted, mix rice powder with the ochre. Dingy lace wails may take on a new appearance if treated to an ochre bath.

SPRING FASHIONS

A gown of white crepe de chine has panels of fan-plaiting and bands of tiny black roses. A chiffon frock of rose and lilac has crystal and pearl embroidery on the front and girdle.

A wrap of white ermine is lined with black velvet and outlined and girdled with silver fox. Lattice-work in chenille rope or rolled bias folds of the material is used as a blouse trimming.

A blouse of white crepe is trimmed with oblong panels worked in cross-stitch and a frilled jabot.

A frock of red velvet has an overskirt of brown net caught in a choux on one side at the waistline.

A frock of navy blue pique has a collar and sleeve puffs of organdie and is trimmed with narrow metallic braid.

The informal dinner gown is generally long and straight, girdled about the hips, and with long, flowing sleeves.

A vest of beige pique, edgings of tan silk braid, and rows of bone buttons lend interest to a dress of navy blue jersey.

Panels of blue are used on the skirt of a dress of silver cloth. The low-placed giraffe draws a garland of silver flowers.

A seamless frock of leather-colored kasha cloth is embroidered in chenille and worn with a peasant blouse of cream voile.

A black crepe frock has its side panels embroidered with a silver leaf vine, green chenille leaves and red velvet flowers.

An excellent hat for the black crepe frock is a huge black satin one drooping under a bunch of violets placed almost in front.

A gown of blue crepe remains has Grecian draperies embroidered in crystal bugles and silver beads, and a matching girdle.

A street frock of black-crepe remains has a waistcoat effect and cuffs of white crepe remains embroidered in blue soutache braid.

Chintz.

Not only for little girls are there lovely frocks in chintz, but for grown-ups, too. Many of them are in the real English patterns on a light ground dotted with black.

Sometimes.

As a husband the handy man has it all over the handsome man.—Boston Transcript.

Advice.

Think twice before you speak, my son, and it won't do any harm to keep on thinking while you speak.

Historical and Genealogical

Notes and Queries

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1922

NOTES

(Continued)

To Be Sold or Let
For Cash or West India Goods
The
Wind-Mill

Standing near the Common Burying Ground, being now in good repair; Any person inclined to buy or hire the same may be further informed by applying to WILLIAM MOORE or JOHN HUBBARD

We hear from Little Compton that a child was lately born there, which has twelve grandfathers and grandmothers living.

We are informed that a vessel from Bilbao, bound to Marblehead, laden with salt, was boarded last week, near Cape Ann, by the Lieutenant, with other hands belonging to the Man of War, in order to impress the men. The sailors went into the hold to secure themselves. The Lieutenant went to the hatchway and ordered them up, but they refusing to comply, he fired a pistol into the hold loaded with powder only, which not having the desired effect, he fired another, loaded with a ball, and wounded one of the men in the arm; and then jumped into the hold, swearing he would drive them up; but one of the sailors, having a harpoon in his hand, desired him to keep his distance; which he did not regard, but advanced forward; upon which the sailor threw the harpoon at the Lieutenant and cut off his jugular vein or windpipe; which put an end to his life in less than five minutes. The vessel was carried to Boston and anchored under the stern of a man-of-war; and the man who threw the harpoon put in irons to be tried for his life. But self-defense being the first law of nature, he will doubtless be cleared.

May 23, 1770 NEWPORT

By the King's Royal Patent Granted to Samuel Bowen, for his Sago Powder, Soy and Vermicelli

Approved of by the Royal Society, Society of Arts, and the College of Physicians as being equal in goodness to those Articles usually imported into Great Britain by the East-India Company, in consequence of which Mr. Bowen has the honor of supplying the Royal Navy with Sago, also several of the outward-bound East-India and African ships.

The Sago Powder will be of great utility at sea as well as on shore. One pound will make a mess of wholesome, nourishing food for 20 men. It is of a light and nourishing substance proper for Fluxes and other Disorders in the Bowels, also in consumptive and many other cases.

Directions for preparing the Sago Jelly. Mix one large spoonful of the Powder with a pint of boiling water, and it soon becomes a jelly; then give it what taste you please with wine, spice, sugar, etc.

N. B. Dilute the Powder first with two spoonfuls of cold water.

The Sago Powder and Soy may be had at Mr. Jacob Pollock's Store on the Long Wharf and at Mr. Nathaniel Bird's in Thames Street, Newport.

July 9, 1779 Newport

A Recipe

To cure the Whooping Cough, which has been tried with success.

Take dried colts-foot, a good handful, cut them small and boil them in a pint of spring water till half the water is boiled away, then take it off the fire; when almost cold, strain it through a cloth, squeezing the herb as dry as you can; throw the herbs away, and dissolve in the liquor half an ounce of sugar candy, finely powdered; when dissolved add to them a spoonful and a half of the tincture of liquorice—of which give a child five years old one spoonful three or four times a day. Grown persons may take four spoonfuls at a time, and as often. It will cure in two or three days.

Newport July 30, 1784

We hear from the Vineyard that one, Deborah Lewis, of that place, about 32 years of age, who, 'till a few days since, constantly appeared in the female dress, and was always supposed to be one of the sex, suddenly threw off that garb and assumed the Habit of a man; and sufficiently to demonstrate the Reality of this last appearance, is on the point of marrying a Widow Woman.

Newport October 1, 1764

To be seen, at Mrs. Cowley's, a curious piece of Clock Work, by which the Image of a man is made to beat upon a Drum to admiration; his wife by his side dances to the drum, and calls him Cuckold; he moves his lips as if speaking, turns his eyes on all the spectators, and bows his head in a very complaisant manner. He was the first Drummer in the King of Prussia's army, and has been one in Germany, London and Boston for ninety years past. He continues to be seen no longer than ten days, from ten o'clock in the morning till nine at night.

Mrs. Anne Howard, wife of Martin Howard, Jun., Esq., died here last Wednesday very much lamented. Her Remains were interred on Saturday.

(To be continued)

Throughout the parade of the Knights Templars some people may have heard the music of "Onward, Christian Soldiers," the song of their order, the marching tune taken from the song. But there are people who will tell you these knights, these true men of America, are not really Christians, or Masons, for the reason the plumed knights didn't parade in their particular road. But all things considered, the "heretics" made a show in this old town it has never seen in all its history, and it may be many years before it sees its like again.—New Orleans States.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Mercury, May 4, 1822

On Wednesday last the General Assembly met in this town for the purpose of organizing the State government for the year ensuing. At 9 o'clock a procession was formed and under escort of the Artillery Company, commanded by Col. Randolph, and the Independent Volunteers, commanded by Captain Helme, and escorted Gov. Gibbs from his residence to the State House. The House immediately proceeded to the election of Speaker, Elisha Mathewson being chosen by three majority over Albert C. Greene. The committee appointed to count the votes on the Convention question reported that the whole number of votes given in was 2,047, of which there were 1,804 nays and 843 yays, majority against calling a convention 961.

The banks in this town one hundred years ago were the Bank of Rhode Island, Newport Bank, R. I. Union Bank, Merchants Bank, and the N. E. Commercial Bank. The total capital of these five banks was \$548,000. The only bank of this list now existing is the Newport Bank.

Josiah C. Shaw takes considerable space in this issue to advertise drawings in two lotteries: The Domestic Industry Lottery, and The Pacific Congregational Society's Lottery.

Locals, there are none.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

Mercury, May 4, 1872

The first warders have elected Mr. Stephen P. Slocum alderman by a majority of fourteen over Mr. John C. Braman, the present incumbent. The contest was a hot one. Mr. Slocum received enough votes to elect him at the previous trial, but one vote got stuck in the box and did not get counted.

The 130th annual meeting of the Newport Artillery Company was held Tuesday evening, when Col John Hare Powell was unanimously elected Colonel, with a long list of well known Newporters as the remaining officers, not one of whom is alive today.

The late Com. Peter Turner's oldest son, Daniel Turner, has been confirmed by the U. S. Senate as Consul to Hilo and Osaka, in Japan, and is now on his way to his post of duty.

We now hear that the memorable Masonic mystery of the missing Morgan has been solved by a son of Morgan, who declares that his father lived happily for thirty years after his disappearance, in Canada, England, and Van Dieman's Land, in which place he established a newspaper, the Advertiser, which is still published.

A few days before the adjournment of the General Assembly the House, on motion of Gen. Sisson, voted to present a piece of plate to Gen. Van Zandt, the popular and efficient presiding officer of the House.

The Pontiac, R. I. stage, containing six passengers, went over an embankment, forty feet high, a few days since, without seriously injuring anyone.

The death of Col. Paron Stevens removes one whom New England has long been proud to number among her sons, and whose name and enterprise are famous in our own city.

We think we have in our office the largest hen's egg of the season. It weighs six ounces, measures nine inches in length, and seven and a half in circumference. If any other "Biddy" can beat that one belonging to John R. Peckham of Middletown, we should like to see it.

The Liberal Republican National Convention in Cincinnati yesterday nominated Horace Greeley for President and Gratz Brown for Vice President.

Thirteen whaling vessels are busy sitting out at New Bedford.

A Chinese paper has just entered on its two thousandth volume. It has lost all its original subscribers.

There are only thirty-one convicted murderers in the Michigan State Prison.

The great Chicago fire destroyed 25,000 buildings, covering 2,000 acres. The total loss is placed at \$190,526,500.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

Mercury, May 8, 1897

Another week of the long-drawn-out session of the General Assembly has passed and with the usual record for business; but the end is near, it now being the intention to adjourn next Friday.

The torpedo boat Porter, formerly known as No. 6, which arrived here Thursday, made a record-breaking run from New York, her time being six hours and ten minutes. Lieut. Fremont is in command.

Work on the Street Railway Company's rails and the Telephone Company's conduits is progressing rapidly. The Railway Company expect to reach Bliss Road tonight.

The War College will open on June 2d, when Assistant Secretary Theodore Roosevelt, will make the address.

Mr. William Shepley, who has been confined to his bed for the past week by illness, is slowly recovering.

Next Wednesday will be Tammany's Day, and although to the average Newporter this fact has no significance, a few decades ago Tammany Day and Tammany societies were features in the community, the celebrations of the societies being affairs long talked about both before and after the occasions.

Two weeks from Tuesday will be Election Day.

The Ladies Benevolent Society of the Central Baptist Church were very pleasantly entertained Wednesday evening by the members of the Sunday School. An interesting literary

and musical programme was rendered and addresses were made by Supt. C. M. Cole and by Rev. Dr. Randolph.

Mr. Thomas E. Sherman of Washington, D. C., is spending a few days here on sick leave.

Mr. Howard Peckham of Boston has spent a few days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. N. Horace Peckham, in Portsmouth.

The President seems to have forgotten that there is such a state as Rhode Island. Not a single appointment has yet been made from this state, notwithstanding there are said to be myriads ready to sacrifice themselves for the country's good and accept an ambassadorship, consuls, clerkship, woodsawership, or any other old thing the President may have to offer.

FROM DR. JETER

Fresno, California,
April 25th, 1922.

Dear Sir—

Please be good enough to allow me through the columns of your paper to let the citizens of Newport know where we are and we are doing here on the Pacific coast.

The Humane and Reform Movement to improve the condition of the life and service of my race throughout the United States is taking out here. I am glad to say that I have the strong endorsement of both white and colored people.

We have visited fourteen cities since leaving Newport January 6th. We have preached and spoken to more than 15,000 people and some 700 ministers, white and colored. Some of the churches and organizations have adopted our plan to reach all the non-churchgoers.

I addressed the white Ministerial Alliance of the San Joaquin Valley. This Alliance takes in all the Baptist ministers, both white and colored, which includes a ratio of 30 miles. I have also been invited to speak at some of the white churches. I find the white pastors out here to be quite fraternal toward their brother pastor in black.

The pastors in this city have arranged for a large Union mass meeting at 3 p. m. Sunday, April 30th. At this meeting we hope to get all the churches organized definitely for the purpose of evangelizing the entire city. After this meeting we will go to Los Angeles. The census of 1920 reports 15,579 colored people in Los Angeles. This number has largely increased in that city since then.

We shall endeavor to visit other Western cities where so many of the colored race have migrated, before we return to Newport.

This is a great country, the vast territory reaching hundreds of miles with ranches with thousands of cattle. This is a sight worth seeing. The greatest day in this State is what is known as resin day, which is observed in this city, Fresno, and the people come from all parts of the State and from other States.

The sad news came to us a few days ago of the departure from this life of Mr. George Gordon King. Newport and Trinity Church, where he was a member so long, have lost a great benefactor in the death of that good man. It was my good fortune to call on him just before leaving Newport, and laying before him the important work. He was interested in and contributed to it.

H. N. Jeter.

CENSUS OF NEWPORT IN 1639

One of the earliest censuses in the colony was that taken in Newport in 1639. There was a scarcity of provisions, and it is said a famine might have resulted had there not been abundance of fish and game on and around the island. A survey and census was thought necessary, and 90 inhabitants was the count. There was also counted 103 bushels of corn which were equally divided. This supply was expected to last six weeks. Presumably all came to the stricken inhabitants before their stock on hand was exhausted.

After the first official census the population of Rhode Island grew steadily, Newport for many years being the largest city.

Uncle Sam proposes to scrap, or sell for junk, or sink by gunfire, at an early date the following warships, all but a few years old, and all built at large cost: the Virginia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Georgia, Nebraska, Connecticut, Louisiana, Vermont, Minnesota, Kansas, New Hampshire, Michigan, South Carolina and Delaware. The ships under construction that are to be sent to Davy Jones' locker, or otherwise disposed of, are the battle cruisers Constellation, the Ranger, the Constitution and the United States. These vessels represent a vast amount of money thrown away.

All signs point to a red hot fight this fall on the United States Senatorship. The two leading candidates are both very popular men and good vote getters. Both are already in training for the fray. Neither Senator Gerry nor Ex-Governor Beekman, the two leading candidates, has ever been beaten in a political fight.

The next Triennial Conclave of the Grand Encampment of Knights Templars of the United States will be held in the city of Seattle, Washington. There was a big fight on at New Orleans between Seattle and Indianapolis, Ind., but Seattle won by a large majority, apparently by their superior campaigning.

The Senate in executive session has unanimously agreed to the House bill creating a navy of 88,000. So it would appear that we are not to be reduced to the mercy of Japan, or any other heathen nation, on the ocean, at present.

No more rain is necessary at present.

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, R. I., January 30th, A.D. 1922

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 2917 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 29th day of November, A.D. 1921, and returnable to the said Court May 29th, A.D. 1922, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 15th day of November, A.D. 1921, in favor of Benjamin T. Peck, of the City of Providence, County of Providence, in the State of Rhode Island, plaintiff, and against George S. Bryant and John Peckham, co-defendants, doing business as Bryant & Bateson of Newport, defendants, I have this day at 10 o'clock past 3 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendants, George S. Bryant and John Peckham, had on the 15th day of July, A.D. 1920, at 2 o'clock p. m., Daylight Saving Time, (the third of the attachment of the original writ), in and to certain lots or parcels of land, with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said Town of Johnston, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: 1st parcel, Northernly on land now or formerly of Susie Dodge, 50 feet; Easternly by Lawn avenue, 125 feet; Southernly by Narragansett avenue, 80 feet; and Westernly by land now or formerly of the Grantor and Grantee, 125 feet. 2nd Parcel, Northernly by land now or formerly of Quintana Thomas, 40 feet; Easternly by above land and about to be conveyed, 125 feet; Southernly by Narragansett avenue, 40 feet; and Westernly by land now or formerly of Lewis W. and Susan T. Hull, 125 feet. He, all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, on the 5th day of May, A.D. 1922, at 10 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

4-15-4w

Estate of James B. Gordon

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice of the admission to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport of the last will and testament of James B. Gordon, late of said Newport, deceased, and the qualification of the Executor by giving bond according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court according to law, beginning May 1st, 1922.

ARTHUR J. GORDON,
Executor.
DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.

4-23

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

New Shoreham, R. I., April 22, 1922. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of SIMON DODGE, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

HESSIE T. DODGE,
Administratrix.

4-22

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE

New Shoreham, R. I., April 22, 1922. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Guardian of the person and estate of EVELINE B. MITCHELL, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said ward are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

FRANK L. MITCHELL,
Guardian.

4-22

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

New Shoreham, R. I., April 22, 1922. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of HEZELIAN L. MITCHELL, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

FRANK L. MITCHELL,
Administratrix.

4-22

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

New Shoreham, R. I., April 22, 1922. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administratrix of the estate of OLIVE H. MITCHELL, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

HARRIET A. MITCHELL,
Administratrix.

4-22

Estate of Michael Dwyer

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice of the appointment by the Probate Court of the City of Newport of an administrator of the estate of Michael Dwyer, late of said Newport, deceased, and her qualification by giving bond according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court according to law beginning May 6th, 1922.

ABDIE F. GALVIN,
Administrator.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.

5-6

Mr. John Ward, a member of the old Redwood Engine Company of this city, has returned to the Hydraulions of Bristol, trumpet and banners taken from the latter by the Redwoods many years ago as a lark. In the old days, the fire companies had to look out for their personal property with vigilance or it would disappear.

The deeds have been passed transferring the old Friends Meeting House property on Farewell street to the Newport Community Center Association. The funds for this purchase were raised wholly by popular subscription.

Some flags were displayed in the city on Thursday in recognition of the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence by the Colony of Rhode Island, and in the evening the gun squad of the Newport Artillery fired a salute.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Golet have leased the R. T. Wilson villa on Narragansett avenue for the season. Mr. Golet has not spent a summer in Newport for several years.

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Assures the utmost Value and Satisfaction for a garment, because it is of the Best.

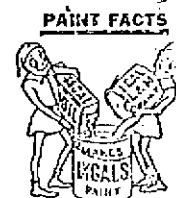
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Fare \$4.44

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Week Days—7:35, 8:50 and
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